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H. H. THE NIZAM'S TOUR
IN THE
AURUNGABAD DISTRICT.

[*Reprinted from the Times of India of 30th January, 1st, 13th, and 24th February* 1883.]

AURUNGABAD, *January* 22.

PERHAPS there is no spot in the Nizam's dominions so full of historical interest as the district of Aurungabad. Here it was that the great Shalivahan, some two thousand years ago, founded a dynasty and established an era which is still observed by the Hindus. Here the first Mahomedan invasion of the Deccan took place, the battle which decided the fate of the country having been fought at Daulatabad. It was at Daulatabad, too, that the founder of the Bahamani (Mahomedan) dynasty was elected King of the Deccan. The city of Aurungabad owes

NAWAB SALAR JUNG BAHADUR

it origin to the good Malik Ambur, and was the favourite residence of Aurungzebe, after whom it is named. Asoph Jah, the founder of the dynasty of the present Nizams, lived for several years in the city. Coming to the present century, it was in the Aurungabad district that the battle of Assaye, which served to establish on a firmer basis the British power in the Deccan, was fought out. A district so fraught with historical interest can also boast of antiquities second to none in the Deccan. The world-famous caves of Ellora and Ajanta; the remarkable fort of Daulatabad; the ancient town of Paitan, mentioned in the *Periplus* as the Plithana of the Greeks; the imitation tâj at Aurungabad; the tombs at Roza of the great Aurungzebe, of the first Nizam, of the warrior-statesman Malik Ambur, and

of the last King of Golconda, attract alike the antiquarian and the traveller.

It was very fitting, then, that His Highness the Nizam, in the first royal tour that has been made through these broad dominions during the past hundred years, should honour this interesting place with a visit. The preparations made by the district officers for His Highness' reception were worthy of the occasion. The Ahmednuggur and Nandgam roads were repaired and put in excellent order; the city was thoroughly over-hauled, and scrubbed, and brushed, and white washed until everything looked new and bright; the commodious building, known as the Barradari, situated on a little knoll at the end of the city, was furnished in right regal style for His Highness; the pretty gardens in the city were weeded, and trimmed, and

made to look their best; triumphal arches were erected all over the place, and the whole city wore quite a gay and holiday attire. The inhabitants loyally responded to the call of the officials, and every house, from the mansion of the noble to the labourer's hovel, was gay with many-coloured flags. Every face wore a happy look, and every one appeared eager to obtain a glimpse of the "Basha," as people here call the Nizam.

Weeks before the arrival of His Highness, the traffic on the Ahmednuggur, Nandgam and other roads was something extraordinary. Ponderous elephants with shining howdas; ungainly camels carrying enormous loads; strings of bullock-carts laden with every conceivable kind of ware; pony-tongas packed close with human freight; pack bullocks, horses, ponies

and vehicles of all descriptions, were toiling on in one direction—Aurungabad. Then hundreds of white tents began to gleam on the *maidan*, and under the trees; and towards that part of the city where His Highness was to stay, every available site was soon occupied by its tent. Crowds of people came to see His Highness from long distances; and the city was thronged with thousands of spectators, until it looked like a miniature Hyderabad. As if at the touch of an enchanter's wand, the city, which usually wears a ruined and deserted aspect, renewed its youth, and was as full of stir and excitement, and bustling humanity, as in the magnificent days of its royal founder.

Captain Clerk, C. I. E., Superintendent of His Highness' education, accompanied by Mrs. Clerk, arrived here

on the 10th. He had been preceded by two or three nobles from Hyderabad, who came in early to inspect all the arrangements for His Highness' comfort.

It had been arranged that the Nizam and suite should reach Aurungabad at 5 o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, the 12th. According to the original programme, the Basha was to enter the city in state procession on an elephant; and consequently the guard of honour, consisting of the Hyderabad Contingent Cavalry, was drawn up about a mile from the city; and here tents had been pitched to enable His Highness to alight and change before proceeding in state. Almost all the officers and ladies in the station, with Captain Clerk, had assembled on this spot, which was thronged by thousands upon thou-

sands of spectators. His Highness and suite left Ahmednagar that morning, after early tea, and were to have driven 70 miles into Aurungabad. Battery horses, together with the Nizam's own horses, had been posted all along the road for the carriages of the distinguished party. As it happened, they arrived about an hour later than the time fixed in the programme, and as the Nizam was fairly tired out with his long drive, and as it had already begun to get dark, he drove straight to his residence in the city. The disappointment experienced by the officers and ladies assembled near the tents, and by the crowds of eager spectators who lined the road for three miles and upwards, was naturally great. Neither His Highness nor Sir Salar Jung, I am informed, were aware that the ladies and gentlemen

from the cantonment were coming out to meet them near the tents; and when afterwards he came to hear of this, it was a matter of great regret to Sir Salar that they had not stopped for a short time at the tents to thank the assembly of ladies and gentlemen for their courtesy. When about half-way on the road to Aurungabad, Sir Salar had written to the Suba to say that His Highness would not enter the city in state, but would go straight to his residence; unfortunately, however, the messenger who brought this letter arrived about the same time as the royal party. But if the thousands of spectators were disappointed in not being able to see the Nizam on the first day, they were amply compensated for it on the day following. I may mention that in the carriage with the Nizam were seated Sir Salar Jung,

and Mr. Krohn, the Nizam's English tutor. There were in all about twenty-four chief officials of state in His Highness' suite. Nawabs Vikar-ool Oomrao and Emam Jung, Sir Salar Jung's two sons, Captain Clerk, Mr. Krohn, Mr. Hugh Gough, Moulavie Mussi-oo-Zaman Khan, Persian tutor, and other notabilities were among the officials in attendance. Sir Salar Jung was accompanied by his two secretaries, Mr. Mahadi Ali and Mr. Syed Hoosain.

As His Highness had not entered the city in state, and as *nuzzurs* had not yet been presented by the officials, nothing was done on the morning of Saturday, the 13th. In the afternoon the Nizam proceeded in state to Nuv-khunda, an ancient building situate outside the city on the road to the cantonment, in which his ancestor, the

first Nizam, had lived for some years. The Nuvkhunda must at one time have been a noble range of buildings, with extensive gardens. Now, however, it is mostly in ruins, and attempts have recently been made to restore one or two of the numerous buildings which are shut in by an extensive enclosure wall. Twice a year, the Suba of Aurungabad, who may be taken as the "Viceroy," representing the Nizam, proceeds in state to this place and lays his *nuzzur* at the foot of the first Nizam's throne. At 4 P. M. His Highness left in state for the residence of his ancestors, and the procession was remarkably striking. First on the scene appeared a splendidly caparisoned elephant, on which was borne aloft His Highness' ensign, which fluttered bravely to the breeze. The second elephant bore the *mirdha*,

a herald whose duty it is to lead the way. Then came in the *sowars* of the Irregular Troops, about a hundred in number, and these were followed by the *Paiça* Troops, both foot and horse. After them came a body of Rohillas and Sikhs on foot, and then the Police, looking very smart in their close-fitting, dark green uniform. Next came a band of Arabs, executing their wild war-dance to the accompaniment of their drums or *murfas*, and in the short intervals between their weird and discordant yells, shouting out snatches of their martial song—the *zamin*. These were followed by the musicians, piping and drumming away right merrily, and close on their heels followed a body of heralds armed with silver sticks. And then came the cynosure of all eyes—His Highness seated in a magnificent *ambari-howda*,

covered with yellow-cloth (the Nizam's colours), borne on the back of one of the finest elephants in the world. The sagacious animal evidently had an idea that he was carrying no ordinary freight, for he strode along with a mien proud and majestic. His Highness was attired in a yellow spotted silk robe, and a yellow turban, in which waved a golden plume, but he wore no jewels whatever. On the back seat of the *ambari* (*khuvvasi* it is called) sat on the right Nawab Vikar-ool-Oomrao, waving over His Highness' head a *chaori* of peacock feathers, and on the left sat Sir Salar Jung, looking, in his simple attire, every inch a gentleman. Then came many more elephants, bearing the nobles and the staff. On the last elephant were borne the three *mahi maratib* or fish-shaped ensigns, which were granted,

as a mark of honour and distinction, by the Emperor of Delhi to the first Nizam. The ensigns were all made of cloth of gold, and flashed and glittered in the sunlight. These were followed by another body of Arabs and a troop of sowars, and the rear of the procession was brought up by an elephant, on which sat Sir Salar Jung's eldest son, Nawab Meer Laik Ali khan, looking, with his burly stature of six feet three, a very striking figure. As this imposing procession slowly wound along, making its way through thousands of eager spectators dressed in their holiday attire, and through a sea, as it were, of cheerful and happy faces all upturned in one direction, it appeared for a time as if Aurungabad had been restored to its pristine splendour and glory, and the city looked as it must have looked in the days of

Aurungzebe. Every house-top, every bit of broken wall, every "coign of vantage," no matter what, was crowded by men, women and children, and the bright and varied colours of their attire, with the evening sun shedding his side-long rays on them, added wonderfully to the picturesqueness of the scene. It really was a beautiful *spectacle*, and well worth a long journey. As the Nizam passed on, the women and girls threw flowers after him, real tropical flowers, bright and gorgeous as nature grew them, and artificial flowers of gold and silver. His Highness seemed evidently pleased with his reception, and with the tokens of loyalty he witnessed on all sides. The procession proceeded through the Chowke and Juna Bazaar, where the school children were all drawn up in a row, and as the Nizam

passed them, their shrill little voices were raised in a song specially composed in honour of his arrival. Having at last reached the seat of his ancestors, His Highness was ushered into the old palace ; and to the same old room, under the same gorgeous silk canopy, and to the same magnificent *gadi*, all silk beautifully worked in gold, on which his ancestor had sat more than a hundred years ago, His Highness was now conducted. The *gadi* and the canopy, with all their appurtenances, had been carefully preserved for all these years, and after the lapse of several generations the descendant of Asoph Jah used them once again. Seated on the throne of his ancestors, His Highness received the *nuzzurs* of his chief officials and subjects. Sir Salar Jung first presented his *nuzzur* and was followed by his

two sons ; and then Nawab Vikar-ool Umrao and the other officials and notabilities of the place did like homage to their sovereign. About 7 P. M. when the usual ceremony had been completed, and all the offerings had been made, the Nizam and suite left Nuvkhunda to witness the illuminations that had been got up by his loyal subjects in honour of his arrival. The state procession was now dispensed with, and seated on one of twelve pad elephants, His Highness with his suite made his way to the city. The illuminations throughout the city were general, and every citizen seemed to have done his best in doing honour to the Basha. Every means of illumination was brought into play, from the gorgeous and extravagant chandeliers of which the native nobles think so much to the flickering oil buttees. The am-

ple houses of the wealthy were brilliant with myriads of lights, while every hut or shanty, however poor, displayed at least a couple of these buttees. The illuminations were very pretty, and all the more effective from the unstudied way in which they had been got up. Every house-owner had followed his own taste in illuminating his own place, and there was certainly no monotony about the general effect. The public offices which the Nizam visited last were very tastefully illuminated, all the outlines of the buildings being picked out in lines of vivid light. Highly pleased with the reception he had met with, and with all he had seen, His Highness returned to his temporary residence after 8 o'clock in the evening.

An account of the subsequent doings of His Highness, of the entertainment

that was given him by the city officials, and of his visit to the town of Roza, I must reserve for another letter.

AURUNGABAD, *January* 25.

In the hurry of closing my last letter I forgot to mention one of the most striking incidents in the Nizam's procession. As he returned from Nuvkhunda, he threw handful after handful of rupees amongst the troops of beggars crowding round his elephant. With every fresh handful a fierce scramble took place. Blind and halt, young and old, men and women, all came in for a fair share of the royal bounty, and went away crushed and bruised, but mighty contented. Early on the morning of Sunday, the 14th, the Nizam and his party rode over to

Sha Musafir's *takia*, a very holy shrine where Aurungzebe's spiritual guide lies buried. The shrine is prettily situated on a high bank of the river Kham which here washes the city walls. With its large tank, brimming over with clear water, and swarming with shoals of fish, its tiny cascade, its old water-mills constructed on the most primitive principles, its handsome shrine of red-sandstone, in which the saint lies buried, its splendid mosque, its venerable banian tree, hoary with age, and its numerous sparkling fountains, Sha Musafir's *takia* looks as pretty a spot as one could wish to see. His Hishness inspected everything not excepting the fish, which were fed in his presence, and which darted greedily forward at every morsel of food thrown into them. Lastly, he proceeded to the tomb, and reverently

prayed over the departed saint, and then with his own hands he strewed flowers over the grave. On his return, His Highness rode through the city, the roads being lined by the police. After *chota hazri*, the Nizam received a lesson in practical administration, so far as it is connected with the revenue of the country. Certain deshmooks, deshpandias, patels and patwadis of villages were presented, and their *nuzzurs* having been duly accepted, Mr. Mahdi Ali, the Revenue Secretary, began by explaining to His Highness in a clear and concise manner the zemindari and ryotwari tenures, the manner in which the annual settlement was made with the cultivators of the soil, and the way in which the land revenue was realised. Then a set of village and a set of taluka papers were submitted and explained,

the young Nizam following everything that was told him with intelligent interest, often putting very pertinent questions to Mr. Mahdi Ali. In the afternoon he visited on foot the public offices, which are beautifully situated in the mids of an extensive garden. Here he inspected the treasury and records, the method in which the latter were arranged being carefully explained to him.

On the morning of the day following, that is Monday, the Nizam rode over to the village of Hursool, about two miles distant from the city. Here there is a grand old *serai*, built during Aurungzebe's reign. The vast quadrangle, with its ample open court in the centre, and its innumerable arched recesses in the wall for the accommodation of travellers, was well worth a

visit. On his return His Highness rode straight to Sir Salar Jung's house, a noble pile of buildings situated in the very heart of the city. The house was originally constructed by one of Sir Salar's ancestors, Shere Jung by name, and was considerably enlarged by his maternal grandfather Durga Koolee Khan, who also bore the title of Salar Jung. All Monday was spent at the residence of Sir Salar, whose guest the Nizam became for that day. In honor of the visit, Sir Salar Jung in true Oriental style presented to his distinguished guest a valuable *nazzur*, consisting of a handsome sword inlaid with jewels, two gold watches, a whip, and some jewels. In the evening Sir Salar entertained the Nizam and his suite at dinner. About thirty covers were laid. The table was very tastefully laid out, the

repast was sumptuous, and the host genial and pleasant, as he always is. The buildings and grounds were beautifully illuminated, and the entertainment ended with a grand display of fireworks. I should mention that in the afternoon His Highness had visited the Mukburra, the mausoleum of the Empress Aurungzebe, an imitation of the Taj of Agra. It is generally the fashion to decry the Mukburra, and to style it a base imitation of the Táj, but it is nevertheless a very chaste structure, built as it is partly of white marble. With its handsome gateway, its pretty walks and fountains, its lofty dome, its slender minarets standing out against the clear blue sky, the Tàj is not without a peculiar beauty of its own.

After the usual morning ride, two hours of the forenoon of Tuesday, the

16th, were again devoted to a lesson in the system of the revenue administration. Mr. Mahadi Ali was again to the fore, and explained the system on which the revenue survey and settlement of the country was conducted. On the grounds just outside the Collector's offices miniature fields had been marked out, and little boundary marks, showing the division of the fields, had also been constructed. All the survey operations were carefully gone through, the fields being measured by cross-staff and chain, and calculations of the areas properly made. In the afternoon the Nizam visited the Anglo-Vernacular School, which was established in the city something like fifteen years ago. Mr. Syed Hoosain, Secretary in the Miscellaneous Department, and who is at the head of the Educational Department, explained at

length the course of instruction followed in the school, the classes into which the pupils were divided, and the results of the last annual examination. Finally, Mr. Syed Hoosain begged the Nizam to distribute with his own hands silver medals to the three boys who had passed the examination with honours. The successful pupils were called to the front and received their medals, and a smile and a few pleasant words into the bargain. Then the English class was called up to give a recitation from Shakspere's "Merchant of Venice." This was very fairly rendered. A little Brahmin boy, no higher than the table by which he stood, spoke with great spirit, and his enunciation was especially distinct and clear. This was followed by a recitation by the Mahratta class, which also was very good. Then for the first

time, I believe, in his life, the Nizam made a neat little public speech, expressing himself highly pleased with all that he had seen, commending the boys to further exertion in their studies, and directing that, in honour of the occasion, the following day should be observed as a holiday in the school. This was a popular idea. There was a round of applause, and amidst a tremendous clapping of hands the Nizam departed.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 17th, the booming of cannon announced the arrival in cantonment of Mr. Jones, the Resident. Mr. Jones had left Hyderabad on New Year's day, and travelling as far as Barsee Road Station by railway, had marched from thence to Aurungabad. He was thus enabled to see some portion of His Highness' territories. Mr. Jones was

accompanied in his journey by Captains Muir and Garrett, and Mr. Faridoonji, Talookdar of Beerh. On the same morning the process of classing the miniature fields marked out on the grounds near the Collector's office was formally gone through, and the relative value of each field, according to the productive capabilities of the soil, ascertained. Mr. Mahadi Ali then explained to his illustrious pupil the system on which the lands were assessed, and submitted a set of the classification and settlement papers of a village. The afternoon was devoted by the Nizam to visiting the different holy shrines (durgas) in and about Aurungabad, and it was not until the shades of evening began to close in that His Highness returned from his pilgrimage.

On Thursday morning His Highness paid a visit to the holy shrine of Huz-

ruth Nizamodin Avlia, a saint of great repute, and offered at his tomb the usual prayers. After *chota hazri* Mr. Mahadi Ali again appeared on the scene, and again the work of instruction began. This time the revenue work of the talookdars was explained, and a detailed account was given of the system on which the annual budgets were prepared. Then the revenue accounts of the district for the past year were submitted. In the evening the Nizam entertained the Resident and a few ladies and gentlemen from the cantonment at dinner. For 9 o'clock invitations had been issued by the officials of the city of Aurungabad "to witness some fireworks in honour of His Highness the Nizam," and as it was said that "His Highness would honour the occasion with his presence," all those to whom invita-

tions were issued, accepted them. But the account of this very picturesque entertainment I must keep over for my next letter.

AURUNGABAD, *February* 6.

On the morning of Friday, the 19th, the Nizam and his party rode over to the cantonment to witness some sports organized by the 4th Cavalry, Hyderabad Contingent,—as fine a body of troops as any in existence. There was the usual tent-pegging, lime-cutting, tilting at the ring, and other doings of that kind, with which the Nizam, himself an excellent hand at these sports, was highly delighted. He was pleased to announce to the officer commanding the regiment that he would present a silver cup to be contested for at the next tent-pegging match, which

is shortly about to take place. On Friday evening, as I said in my last letter—though through a slip of my own or your printer's I was made to say Thursday—the Nizam entertained at dinner the Resident, his staff, and several ladies and gentlemen from the Cantonment. His Highness, who took into dinner the principal lady (Mrs. Johnson), made a very genial host, conversing pleasantly with his guests, and showing them every possible attention. As stated in my first letter, the Nizam had taken up his temporary residence in the Barradari, which is built on a little knoll. From this Barradari, the public gardens slope down in four terraces, and it is on these beautiful grounds, dotted over with innumerable fountains, large and small, which send up sprays of clear sparkling water, that the Government offices

are situated. The entertainment given by the officials in honour of His Highness took place in these gardens, which are overhung by the Barradari, from which a beautiful view of the grounds below is obtained. In the evening, when His Highness and his numerous guests adjourned after dinner, to the open verandah, the scene presented to view in the gardens below was extremely pretty and fairy-like. As far as the eye could reach, the whole place was illuminated by myriads of lights, arranged in a hundred different shapes, and an endless variety of lines and curves. The illuminations, owing to the surrounding foliage, gave a mellow, subdued light, very grateful to the eye. All the larger fountains were surrounded by festoons of tumbler-lights, suspended from wires, and the reflection of these lights in the water

below had a very pretty effect. In the front of the Revenue Survey office, the tastefully arranged flower beds were picked out with thousands of oil buttees and tumbler-lights, and Chinese lanterns were hung on every shrub and tree. The outlines of the office itself were picked out in lines of vivid light, and from a distance the building looked like a fairy castle. The *Hati Hauz*, or "elephant tank," a splendid sheet of water, was also beautifully lit up, and when a little boat illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and many-coloured lamps, was paddled about the tank, it looked, as a lady observed to me, like a Venetian lagoon. The approaches to the gardens and the walks were all lit up with thousands of lights, suspended from arches. Altogether it was a very fairy-like scene, and one could almost fancy that the days of

the Arabian Nights had again returned. When we remember that this pretty spot was only eight years ago the haunt of the wild pig and the jackal, too much praise cannot be bestowed on the local officials for converting a howling wilderness into these pleasant gardens. The Nizam and his party walked down from the Barradari into the gardens, and after strolling about the place for some time, they went up to the first terrace, on which the Collector's office is built, and where under a large *Shamiana*, seats had been arranged for the guests. Down below, some acrobats performed feats of agility on the back of an elephant, and when this was concluded a display of fireworks followed. These were very good indeed, and the pyrotechnist's art was here shown to great advantage. Catherine wheels, imitation

trees, flowers, and animals, and even a railway carriage moving about on wheels of fire, burst into view. Innumerable balloons sailed up majestically; rockets went up into the air with a whizz and a rush, and, exploding on high, shot forth myriads of coloured stars. The sky was bright with fantastic lights, and the scene delighted not only the distinguished assembly present, but also some thousands of spectators, who had by this time congregated in the gardens below. The fireworks over, the guests adjourned to the Collector's office, the fine large rooms of which had been fitted up specially for their reception. Here several *nautch* girls, drawn up in a row, entertained us with dance and song. They did not do much in the way of "dancing," their gyrations being anything but graceful, and they sang to

the accompaniment of what seemed to me most melancholy music. I am afraid the music and the singing were neither appreciated nor understood by the European guests, but they nevertheless bravely endured the infliction. Supper was laid out in one of the large rooms, and a good supper and well-iced wine proved for most of us a greater attraction than the nautch. About midnight the party broke up, every guests being presented with the usual garland of flowers, and a bottle of *attar*. The entertainment was unanimously voted a success by all present, and much credit is due for the excellent manner in which it was conducted to Mr. Rustomji, the Collector: Mr. Fitch, the Executive Engineer; and Mr. Ali Hassan, the Superintendent of Revenue Survey.

On the morning of Saturday the

20th, papers relating to judicial work were submitted and explained to the Nizam. In the course of a very interesting lecture Mr. Mahadi Ali remarked that in the olden times, however well the native governments may have understood the art of revenue administration, they were certainly very deficient in matters relating to the law courts. In those days the judicial courts were never at any time established on a satisfactory basis. Justice was very slow and the poor generally benefited very little by it. Mr. Mahadi Ali said that it was to the British Government that "we owe the establishment in India of regularly constituted law courts, where impartial justice is administered, and where the poorest subject can hope to gain redress for his wrongs." Then Mr. Mahadi Ali explained the backward

state of the Nizam's law courts twenty years ago; the progress made since that time, which though very great was still anything but satisfactory; and the nature of the reforms which were shortly to be introduced. It was next Mr. Syed Hoosain's turn to instruct H. H. in matters municipal, and this duty he ably performed, giving his royal pupil a brief history of the foundation of Municipal institutions in this country, and the great benefits that have accrued therefrom. Then Mr. Fitch, the Executive Engineer, submitted plans of the improvements made in the city, and also plans of those proposed to be made. In the evening, our hospitable Resident, Mr. Jones, entertained at dinner in his camp Sir Salar Jung, and some of the ladies and gentlemen from the Cantonment and City. A company of the 1st

Infantry was drawn up to receive the Regent, and in a large *shamiana*, in which the dinner was given, covers were laid for about thirty.

On the morning of Sunday, the 21st, the Nizam, Sir Salar Jung and party left for the town of Roza, which is situated about sixteen miles from the City. The party drove over to Daulatabad and then rode up the ghât to Roza. As they passed the famous fort, the thunders of its old artillery awoke the slumbering echoes among the surrounding hills, the reverberation gradually dying away in the distance.

AURUNGABAD, *February* 10.

The town of Roza, or to give it its proper name, Khultabad, which means paradise, is situated on a plateau upwards of two thousand feet above sea-

level. The town is enclosed by an ancient masonry wall, pierced by handsome gates; the narrow streets are lined on either side by quaint-looking stone houses, most of which are built two and three storeys high. But the objects which lend most interest to the place are the lofty *durgas*, or shrines, in the spacious courts of which great emperors and kings lie buried. With their high walls, their broad domes and tapering minarets, these *durgas* stand out in bold relief against the clear blue sky, which is never so blue and clear as it is here. Pious Mahomedans, who on their death were canonised as saints, have here found their last resting-place, and the varying seasons of six long centuries have uninterruptedly rolled away over their graves. The population of the town consists almost entirely of Mahomedans, who are the

kadims, or descendants of the disciples of the different saints who flourished here. These *kadims* are supported by assignments of *inam* lands and by the votive offerings of pious pilgrims, and thus they lead a life of languid indolence and easy poverty. The climate of Roza is healthy and bracing, and this place is to Aurungabad what Matheran is to Bombay—a delightful sanatarium. From different points of the plateau very pretty views are obtained of the valley below, which stretches out for several miles in one long expanse of country, until at last it melts away in the blue distance. The landscape is diversified by hill and dale, by meadow and woodland, and dotted over with scores of villages embowered among shady trees. Afar off may be traced the meanderings of a stream, shining in the distance like a

streak of silver. Nearer to the view lies a very pretty tank, the home of the wild duck and the snipe, and the waters of which, ruffled by a passing breeze, break out into tiny waves.

On the morning of Sunday, the 21st January, the Nizam and suite cantered into Roza. The anniversary of the death of one of the saints buried here was being celebrated, and consequently thousands of pilgrims, coming from long distances, had flocked to this place. The principal streets and house-tops and windows were densely packed by thousands of people, most of whom were not a little surprised to see the great Nizam coming along on horseback, just like any ordinary individual, whereas they had expected him to enter in pomp and splendour on a stately elephant. Hundreds of the pilgrims nodded their heads approv-

ingly, and admiringly exclaimed—"Look! look! how well the *Basha* rides!" From many a casement and latticed window, fair faces and dark eyes eagerly looked down upon the Nizam, and in their loyal desire to see their *Basha* the inmates of the seclusive *zenana* forgot for once that they were exposing their charms to the vulgar gaze. Through the crowded town, through the lines of the busy bazaars, the gay cavalcade dashed onward, until the Government cottage prepared for the Nizam's reception was reached. Here His Highness took up his residence, and Sir Salar Jung and others settled in their respective tents. Out on the vast *maidan* of the plateau, hundreds of tents reared their white heads, and everywhere were heard the sound and bustle of camp life. The great religious fair was held about

half a mile away from the camp, and, borne on the breeze, came faintly to the ear the distant hum of voices from the vast multitude congregated there.

Early on the following morning, the Nizam with his suite rode over to Daulatabad, and was welcomed with another royal salute from the fort, the roar of the artillery making many a horse restive. Then began the somewhat toilsome ascent to the top of the fort, the Nizam going up with remarkable agility, the elderly gentlemen toiling on slowly after him, and resting at intervals. All the different points about the fort were duly noted: the wonderful perpendicular scarp rising upwards of a hundred feet; the broad moat with its green waters, the frowning battlement, and the huge guns. Then we entered the subterranean passage, with its steep stairs and spi-

ral way cut out of the living rock, the kerosine lamps fixed against the walls dimly struggling against the Cimmerian darkness reigning in this cavernous passage. Out of this darkness we emerged into daylight again through a small aperture, which is the only way out of the cavern, and which entrance was covered over on emergencies by a heavy iron plate, on the top of which were piled blazing faggots, kept alive by a constant blast which found its way from an excavation on one side of the rock. In the Barradari, a magnificent pleasure-house built by one of the former governors of Daulatabad, the party rested for a while, and discussed *chota hazri* with keen appetites. The inner man refreshed, the Nizam and suite essayed to do the remainder of the ascent,—for the Balla Hissar, or citadel, towered a hundred feet above

the Barradari. This little ascent was soon gained; the 18 feet gun mounted on the citadel was duly examinad, and then a view from the topmost height of Daulatabad was obtained. Far away to the left lay the cantonment of Aurungabad, the city being screened from view by an intervening chain of hills; to the right, another chain of brown and rugged hills bound the view; on the top of one of these hills a clump of trees and a white gleaming musjid marked the situation of Roza. But right in front the country lay stretched out mile after mile, the dull uniform level of the plain being relieved by groves of umbrageous trees of different shades of green, while the busy villages down below gave animation to the landscape. Beyond the lines of circumvallation of the fort lay the plains where, in times gone by,

many a memorable battle had been faught, and more than one kingdom lost and won. The descent was easily accomplished, and by eleven o'clock in the forenoon the Nizam and party returned to Roza, riding all the way. In the evening, the different shrines were visited, the Nizam praying long and fervently at the tomb of his ancestor, Asoph Jah, and over the simple grave of the great Aurungzeb. Some fifteen thousand rupees were given away as offerings to the different shrines.

On the following morning the caves of Ellora were visited. These caves are excavated in the scarp of the plateau of Roza, and run nearly north and south for upwards of a mile, the scarp at each end of this distance throwing out a horn towards the west. The Nizam and party rode down the

ghaut, from which some very pretty glimpses are obtained of the rough broken country below. The morning sun burst in cloudless splendour in the eastern sky, imparting a warm rich glow to hill and wood, brake and briar, and bathing in golden light the distant spires of the beautiful temple of the town of Ellora. The scarp is picturesquely wild and rugged, and over the spot broods a solemn silence, a painful stillness, only broken now and again by the flap of wings, or by the sweet song of the birds in the air. In these quiet and secluded regions, where the spirit of solitude reigns supreme, the Buddhists had hewn out of the living rock monasteries and temples, and here, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," they spent their peaceful lives in devotion and calm contemplation. The extinction of the

passions was one of the doctrines Buddha aimed at, and these silent regions were admirably suited to his doctrines.

The Nizam and party went over the principal caves, threading aisles and corridors, halls and sanctuaries, all hewn out of the rock by human hands. Most of the different figures carved in the caves were explained to the party. The grave, stoical face of Buddha seemed to gaze on them in a grandly calm manner, as if mutely rebuking them for their invasion of the silent repose of his sanctuary. And while centuries have rolled on, while nations have risen and fallen, and while dynasties have been made and unmade, these caves have stood on, and these stone divinities have impassively, and as it were scornfully, looked upon all the great changes that have taken place on the face of the earth. If these stone

figures were gifted with the power of speech, what strange stories would they tell of all that they have witnessed during the past two thousand years! The work of sight-seeing over, the Nizam and his party had *chota hazri* in the cool chamber of one of the caves, and while they discussed this meal, the Hindu gods around seemed to look down on them in pious anger at the sacrilege they were committing, in eating flesh before those, who above all were so tender and solicitous about animal life! The Resident, Mr. Jones, saw the fort of Daulatabad that morning, and later on he visited the caves. On the morning of Wednesday, the 24th, the Nizam and party left Roza for Nandgam, *en route* to Hyderabad, highly pleased with all that they had seen in and around Aurungabad.

And now that the Nizam's visit is a

thing of the past, and all our excitement over, now that we have again subsided into the humdrum and monotony of daily existence, the question may fairly be asked: Has the Nizam's tour benefited him and the country? I would unhesitatingly answer this question in the affirmative. His Highness has been able to see some portion of his country and his people, and to compare what he has seen here with what he has observed in the British districts. He will now be able to form some conception of the great responsibilities that attach to a ruler of broad territories like his. The suavity of His Highness' manners, the easy way in which the people have access to him, the intelligent interest he takes in all he sees, and his active habits, have endeared him to his people, and have tended to strengthen the bonds of their

loyalty to his person and throne. Never having seen the Nizam themselves, most of the ignorant masses in the districts had but a vague dim idea of some such ruler existing in Hyderabad; but now that they have seen him in person, all their veneration for their *Basha* and his throne has been rekindled in them. Too much praise cannot be accorded to Captain Claude Clerk for all that he has done in the way of His Highness' education. The royal visit has been attended with very beneficial results to the district. An impetus has been given to trade; profitable employment was found for the poorer classes; and works of public utility have been sanctioned. His Highness has begun well, and it is to be earnestly hoped that his future career may be brilliant and prosperous, and that all his future actions may be

marked with the same popularity he has unquestionably gained here.

As a faithful chronicler of events, my record of the Nizam's tour would be incomplete were I to omit to mention the able services rendered on the occasion by some of the different officials. Mr. Abdul Salaam Khan, the suba, and Mr. Rustomjee Nusserwanjee, the talookdar, worked with untiring energy and zeal, and great credit is due to them for the successful manner in which all the arrangements were carried out. Not a single hitch occurred in the arrangements made, and everything passed off smoothly. Mr. Bennett Fitch, the Executive Engineer, who has been here for the past ten years, also comes in for a fair share of praise. He had to look after the roads, buildings and gardens, besides assisting in other works, and as

is usual with him, he did everything thoroughly well. Most of the beautiful public buildings in and around the city were designed and constructed by Mr. Fitch, and these buildings are the admiration of all who see them.

Just as I was closing this letter, the distressing news of Sir Salar Jung's death by cholera has been brought in. This painful intelligence has come upon us with such terrible suddenness, that it is difficult to realise it. It was only two short weeks ago that Sir Salar left us in robust health and excellent spirits, and now we hear that Death has laid his cold hand on him. This great and good man has been suddenly snatched away from a State and a people who can ill-afford his loss. His death will be mourned as a public calamity by all in the Nizam's dominions. The influence that Sir Salar Jung's

exquisite manner and tact exercised over everyone who had anything to do with him was simply marvellous: "He was a man; take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

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A SKIRMISH BETWEEN THE HYDERABAD CONTINGENT TROOPS AND THE ARABS AT AURUNGABAD IN 1853.

(WRITTEN IN 1879.)

In the year 1853, Aurangabad was the scene of a sharp conflict between the Hyderabad Contingent troops and a body of Arabs in the pay of the Raja of Devalgaum. The Raja Mansing Rao was extravagant to a degree, and was hopelessly plunged in debt. Having allowed the pay of his Arab retainers to fall considerably in arrears, they, about the middle of September 1853, put him under restraint, and threatened to take his life unless he paid up their dues. Destitute of the means of satisfying his creditors, and seeing that his life was placed in jeopardy, the Raja apprised Brigadier Mayne, then com-

manding the station, of his perilous situation, and that officer, having ascertained the facts of the case, sent a summons to the Arabs to give him up. The Arabs refused, whereupon it was resolved to make a demonstation of the troops in the station in order to bring them to their senses. Accordingly one morning in the first week of October of that year, the 5th regiment of cavalry, 6th regiment of infantry, and a battery of artillery, under Brigadier Mayne's command, were marched up to the scene of action, which lay near a Hindu temple situate in Jasvantpura, just outside the Raoshan gate. Here the Brigadier found the Arabs established in a strong position, and determined to fight. The disposition of the troops having been made, some of the officers sat down to breakfast, near a *chabutra*, just outside the city walls.

While they were thus engaged, an Arab *chaous* of the city appeared on the ramparts and upon a signal from him a volley, as unexpected as it was deadly, was poured upon the party of officers and men. In a moment all was confusion. Lieutenant Boswell, of Ahmednagar, who was staying in Aurangabad on leave, and who had bravely volunteered his services on the occasion, received a fatal wound. Some of the troopers were killed. The firing now became general. Lieutenant Vaughan received a bullet wound in the arm, from the effects of which he died some weeks after. Captain Parker, commanding the 6th regiment of infantry, was also killed. After an obstinate resistance the Arabs were defeated and dispersed, and the imprisoned Raja was released. The Contingent troops did not come unscathed from

the conflict. Its loss in killed was more than fifteen, and forty wounded.

THE YEAR 1857 AT AURUNGABAD: A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE MUTINY.

If the eventful year 1857 was not fraught with horrors at Aurangabad, it was, at all events, replete with terrible fears and dangers. The station narrowly escaped the horrors of a mutiny. At the time of which I am writing, there were in the cantonment the 2nd Regiment of Infantry and a Battery of Artillery. The 3rd Cavalry, which was also stationed here, had just marched out to Maligaum, being relieved by the 1st Cavalry from Mominabad, which was on its way to Aurangabad. After a long and weary

march, the incoming troops halted to snatch a few hours' rest at the village of Chota Pipalgaum, about fourteen miles from Aurangabad. And here it was that the first intelligence of the mutiny in the North-West Provinces reached the ears of the men of the 1st Cavalry. Profound was the sensation which this news created among the troops. The long and forced marches they were made to perform at an unseasonable time of the year had filled their minds with vague apprehensions, and this circumstance, associated with the rumours which now came to them in wild and exaggerated forms much exercised their troubled minds. They at once became impressed with the idea that they were being led against the mutineers at Delhi. In this frame of mind they arrived at Aurangabad, on or about the 9th June 1857, and

were encamped somewhere between the 'Kala Chabutra' (a place just outside the city walls) and the Cavalry lines. Shortly after the arrival of this regiment rumours of disaffection among the troops began to spread. Two trusty and staunch Sikh troopers,—their names deserve to be handed down to posterity,—Sadhu Sing and Sahib Sing, brought secret intelligence to the officers of the mess-house that there had been some wild talk in the regiment, and gave them the names of those who had exhibited symptoms of disaffection. They advised the officers not to attend the evening parade, which had already been ordered for the inspection of horses, as they feared that an outbreak was imminent. But with that high sense of duty and that intrepidity which characterises British military officers, they paid no heed

to the warning given, and at the peril of their lives attended the parade. Fortunately no outbreak occurred, but to eyes rendered sharp and vigilant by forewarning, symptoms of disaffection were apparent. Morose and sullen were the men of the Cavalry, and though they obeyed all orders that were issued to them, they did it in a spirit destitute of alacrity and willingness. But it was not the Cavalry alone which afforded grave cause for fears. The distant country of Oudh had contributed 250 men to the ranks of the 2nd Infantry, and these caused much anxiety to the European officers, who, including two or three sergeants, hardly numbered a dozen. Rumours, exaggerated by fears and suspicions, began to reach the ears of the officers. A conspiracy to massacre them all—a plot to burn their houses over their

heads, with the ladies and children in them—an open attack on the cantonment followed by general pillage—and a hundred other rumours like these, were rife in the air. But whatever fears the officers may have entertained of their own safety—whatever may have been their anxieties with respect to the fate of their helpless wives and innocent children—they kept up an outward appearance of confidence in the troops, and, not to awaken any suspicions, they attended, as usual, at the lines of their respective regiments. One evening they learned that the Infantry lines had sinister visitors in the persons of some troopers from the Cavalry, who, being strangers to the place, were inquiring as to which of the houses in the cantonment were occupied by the English officers. At midnight Captain Speid, commanding

the Infantry, had a secret visitor in the person of trooper Burhan Bux, of the 3rd Cavalry, who chanced to be then at the station, and who was much attached to the Captain and his wife. Burhan Bux informed Captain Speid that the Cavalry were arming, and would in all probability attack the cantonment at daybreak. On this Mrs. Speid and the children, with one or two other ladies, were put in a bullock cart, which was covered all over with white sheets, to impart to it the appearance of a Mahomedan *zenana* cart, and, escorted by the staunch and faithful Burhan Bux, they proceeded to Ahmednagar, which they eventually reached in safety. Meanwhile the skies became tempestuous, and amid the deep growling of the thunder, and the vivid flashes of the lightning, the rain came down in perfect torrents. The

wind rose into a gale, whistling through the tree-tops and howling about the houses. A furious wind blew down the huge green flag hoisted by the men of the Cavalry at their bazaar. The raging of the storm and the blowing down of the flag were taken as signs of the divine displeasure against them, and a chill feeling of superstitious dread crept over the Cavalry people. It is generally believed that it was this war of the elements that prevented the expected rising of the Cavalry. I am not in a position to state whether there exists any foundation for this belief. But the culminating point of the crisis was soon reached. The day after the storm the officers received information (which turned out incorrect, as the sequence will show) that a number of bad characters from the city, taking advantage of the ill-feeling among the

troops, intended attacking the cantonment with a view to plunder. Precautionary measures were at once adopted, and two companies of the Infantry, having been hastily assembled, were ordered to hold the bridge which spans the river Kaum, and separates the cantonment from the spot where the Cavalry were then encamped. And here I must explain that the European officers of the Cavalry did not live in their lines, but occupied bungalows in the cantonment. Haunted as they were by suspicions and fears, and knowing that they were mistrusted by their own officers, the men of the Cavalry became at once impressed with the idea that the Infantry was about to attack them. In the Cavalry lines bustle and confusion reigned supreme. The shrill clarion blast of the trumpet wafted its notes of alarm in the still night air,

startling from the slumber into which he had just fallen, the terrified trooper, who, springing out of his bed in a half-drowsy state, and believing that the lines would be immediately attacked, hastily prepared for action. Horses were forthwith saddled, and 'mounting in hot haste,' the Cavalry turned out, without order of any kind, throwing out pickets in the direction of the cantonment. And although there were extenuating circumstances for the hasty action taken by the Cavalry, which, when explained, would go a great way in mitigation of their offence, yet, to all appearances and purposes, there they stood in open arms against their Government—mutineers!

Since the appearance of the very first symptoms of disaffection in the cantonment, the services of the 'express' had been repeatedly brought into re-

quisition, and the authorities at Hyderabad had been apprised of the course of events. Thereupon orders were at once issued for a column of troops to move from Poona to Aurangabad.

But while these forces were on their way affairs at Aurangabad were wearing a serious aspect. The Artillery was suspected. No reliance could be placed on the Infantry. The Cavalry looked as if they were threatening an attack. A mutiny was imminent, when rumours of the approaching Bombay troops reached the Cavalry. Awakening to their perilous situation, the men at once returned to their duties, and became submissive and obedient as usual. In the meantime, with long and forced marches made in inclement weather and in heavy marching order, the troops from Poona, under General Woodburn, arrived. They

consisted of three troops of the 14th Hussars under Captain Gall, Captain Woolcombe's battery of European Artillery, and the 25th Bombay Native Infantry, under Colonel Folliot. Without pause or hault, General Woodburn marched straight to the encampment of theCavalry. The disposition of thetroops was made; the guns were unlimbered, the 25th Infantry were èchelonned with them, and the Hussars were drawn up in support. And now the sharp clear notes of the trumpet rang out orders to the disaffected regiment for a dismounted parade, which was obeyed with alacrity. Each troop was then ordered to march on to the pointed guns of the battery. Was there any faltering, any hesitation? No. Firmly, steadily, with a regularity and precision of movement which would have done credit to any parade, does

troop after troop march up to its assigned position, and for a few moments nothing but the firm, measured tramp of feet is heard. And now with a steady demeanour and unaltered mien does each man stand, gazing unflinchingly upon the bronze muzzle of the gun which frowns upon him, and which at the least sign, threatens to hurl him into eternity. Surely there is some mistake; this is not the demeanour of guilty persons—this is not the attitude of mutineers! Some such doubt must have crossed the minds of General Woodburn and the other officers assembled there that memorable morning. Then there was a short pause. But this terrible silence is broken by General Woodburn calling out to the Ressaldar of the first troop to give him the names of the men who were implicated in the mutiny. The

Ressaldar called upon began by giving the name of the senior Jamadar of the troops, whereupon that officer, seeing that all was up with him, and rendered desperate by his position, ordered his troops to load their carbines, which they attempted to do. And now ensued a scene of wild confusion: for General Woodburn, his staff and all the English officers, were so promiscuously mixed up with the mutineers that the guns could not be opened on them. Eventually some of the troops broke away, and profiting by the confusion of the moment, ran to their horses, and cutting their heel-ropes mounted and fled in all direction. It was a wild flight—a race between life and death! And now the deep thunders of the artillery awoke with their bellowing roar the sleeping echoes of the surrounding hills. Flash! boom!

and canister and grape were belched out of the mouths of these iron monsters, killing a number of horses that as yet remained picketed. Rendered wild and furious by the roar of the guns, the animals broke loose, and a regular stampede ensued. About ten rounds were fired, but while the mutineers escaped scatheless a deaf old Bora and an old woman, who happened to be passing by were struck down by a relentless shot—ignoble game for those big guns! While the last echoes of the cannon were as yet dying away in a hundred reverberations among the adjacent hills, the 14th Dragoons started in pursuit of the flying and dispersed troopers, but, as both man and beast were fatigued by their long march of that morning, it was impossible for them to overtake the mutineers, many of whom escaped. During

this terrible scene two-thirds of the regiment remained loyal, and were consequently not molested by the Bombay troops. Mir Fidá Ali, a Daffadar in the Cavalry, had fired his pistol at Captain Abbott, the officer commanding, who narrowly escaped death. A drum-head court-martial was thereupon convened at the mess-house to try this Daffadar, who was found guilty, and hung that very evening. The court-martial continued its sittings for a few days, and ended with condemning some twenty-four men, twenty-one of whom were shot to death, and three blown away from guns. The 1st Cavalry was then marched up to Yedlabad, on the confines of His Highness' territories, where it was recruited to its full strength by men from the other three regiments of cavalry. Eventually it

wiped away the stain on its honour by the performance of excellent and loyal services during the troublous times of the mutiny. And thus, in the words of Carlisle, the threatened mutiny was "blown into space, and became a thing that was."

EXTRACT FROM THE SETTLEMENT REPORT OF THE PAITAN TALUKA, AURUNGABAD DISTRICT, PUBLISHED IN 1878.

THE TOWN OF PAITAN.

The classical town of Paitan or Pytun is dear to the heart of the antiquarian. Perhaps there is no town in the Deccan equal to it in historic interest and ancient fame. Its origin is lost in the gloom of ages. It is mentioned in the *Periplus* of the Greeks (written about the middle of the second century of the Christian era); and it was then a flourishing city, and known as a great mart of trade. It was frequented by Grecian and Egyptian merchants. It was the birthplace of Shalivahan (a great name in Indian history), who gave the Hindus

an era, which is still maintained in the Deccan. To the Hindu it is a specially sacred and venerated spot, hallowed by the residence of the god Brahama, and distinguished by its having been selected as his favourite haunt. The *Prathistan Mahathma*, a Hindu legendary account of Paitan, is replete with wonderful and romantic accounts of this town, and the way in which it was founded.

In ages past, the god Brahama, after having created this world of ours, bethought himself of a place for his residence, and fixed his choice upon the favoured spot on which now stands the town of Paitan. He called it *Puttun*, which is a word of Sanskrit origin, and means a large flourishing city. This name became corrupted into Paitan. Years rolled on, and Brahama, we are told, lived here in happiness

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and splendour. But when Benares and other sacred places began to obtain high celebrity, as sanctified and holy spots, the god, jealous for the fame of his favourite place of abode, changed the name of the town to *Prathistana*. *Prathi* in Sanskrit means a copy, and *Sthan* a place of abode, and the legend has it that Brahama distinguished this town, above all other places in this world, by likening it to his magnificent abode in heaven. But beyond fabulous legends, we have no record of authentic history, until we come to later times, when the mist of obscurity clears away, and we tread on surer ground.

On the table-land near the famous Caves of Ellora, is observed a site marked by the ruins of what would appear to have been once a flourishing and an extensive city. On this site,

it is believed, stood the city of Tagara, a flourishing metropolis, well known to the ancient Greeks as one of the emporiums for the supply of their merchandise. Of the importance and antiquity of this city every reader of Indian history is aware. About the end of the first century it was under the Government of a Rajput prince, whose dominions must have been extensive and his authority great, for in old grants of lands engraved on copper-plates he is styled the Chief of the Chiefs of Tagara. About that time a revolt broke out in this part of the country. The moving spirit in it was a person of humble origin and inferior caste. This man was Shalivahan. The voice of tradition says that he was the son of a potter, miraculously born of a virgin at Paitan, and notwithstanding his low descent, destined by Heaven

to be the saviour and guardian of the Brahmins, who were then suffering the rigours of persecution at the hands of the Buddhists. Shalivahan's insurrection was successful, and he rose to power about A. D. 77-78. This event marks an epoch in the history of the Deccan, and gives to the Hindus the era of *Sukkay*, which is still recognised at the present day among them. This era, although only currently maintained in the Deccan, is generally observed by all classes of Hindus, in dating their accounts and documents of importance. Assisted by the *Agnikul* warriors of Rajputana, Shalivahan is said to have waged deadly war against the Buddhists and in this respect he is regarded as having performed a mission that was sent him from Heaven. He is also venerated as a regenerator of the Hindu faith. Shalivahan established his seat of government

at the town of his birth, and thus Paitan was at once raised to the dignity of a capital. The spot on which once stood the house of Shalivahan is at the present day shown to the visitor, but on the ruined site now stands a musjid, said to have been built by the Emperor Aurungzebe. A deep well in the court of the musjid is also pointed out, and tradition has it that Shalivahan, when a boy, amused himself by making clay figures of men and horses and casting them in this well. In a miraculous manner these figures were eventually endowed with life, and, swarming out of the well by hundreds, became to him brave and trusty soldiers. But during his war with Vikramaditya, while crossing the Nurbudda river, the spell was broken, and back into clay dissolved both men and horses. Of this alleged war of Shali-

vahan with Vikram, the prince of Malwa, (another great name in history,) suffice it to say that the eras which mark the reigns of both these kings in themselves refute this story. For between these eras there is a difference of about 133 years, and history cannot bridge over this space of time to connect these two events together. Here we again lose the thread of our history, and once more become involved in fabulous legends. But one fact is evident, and that is, that at some distant date, and for causes which have not been traced, the seat of government was removed from Paitan to the fort of Deogir, the modern Dowlutabad. From a manuscript that was shown to me while at Paitan, it would appear that there were a succession of dynasties, from that of Shalivahan down to Jadow Ramdeo Rao, who

reigned at Dowlutabad in the thirteenth century of the Christian era, and who fought against Sooltan Allaodin Khilji, when that enterprising individual headed the first Mahomedan invasion in this province. Although no great credence could be attached to this list of dynasties, it seems suitable to give it here, for what it may be worth:—

* * * *

From the time of the accession of the Mahomedan power in the Deccan, we have in Ferishta, Khaafi Khan, and other works, a complete record of the rulers of the Deccan, and as these are accessible to all, I need not enter into details here. Suffice it to say that Paitan fell in importance, ever since the seat of government was removed from it to Deogir. When the

Emperor Akbar turned his arms to the conquest of the Deccan, a part of his army was encamped at Paitan. Here, too, were solemnized, with all the grandeur and èclat proper to the occasion, the nuptials of Prince Daniel, the son of Akbar, with the Princess of Beejapur, a daughter of Ibrahim Adel Sha II. Many other events, important enough to find a record in the page of history, have occurred here, but a mention of them in this report would swell it beyond just proportion, and might be considered out of place.

Traces of its ancient grandeur are still perceptible about Paitan. To judge by the site it once occupied, and which is now marked by many a ruin, it must have been a city wide in extent, and flourishing in state. The massive terraced houses, of solid masonry and brickwork, with small loop

holes for windows, and which have more the appearance of castles than houses, tell a tale of better, but turbulent, days now past and gone. Some of the carving on the woodwork on the facades of a few houses are a study in themselves. Its fine temples are well worth a visit. Outside the town, on a picturesque spot, on the banks of the Godaveri, stands the venerable durga of Sha Moulana Sahib. It is evidently constructed on the ruins of what appears to have been once a fine Hindu temple. Surrounded as it is on almost three sides by the waters of the Godavery, the town, with its castle-like buildings, and pretty temples peeping out of clumps of trees, presents a picturesque appearance, and the interest of the observer is enhanced as he thinks of its great antiquity. On a moon-light night, when the

whole scene is steeped in silvery splendour, and when the moon-beams seem to glow resplendently on the placid bosom of the sacred Godavery, it is pleasant to sit on one of the stone-paved *ghauts*, which fringe the high banks of the river, affording means of descent to it by broad flights of steps, and contemplate this quiet and peaceful scene, which is not without a peculiar beauty of its own. And a feeling of solemn awe gradually creeps over the visitor as he remembers that he is standing on the very ground once trod by the feet of the ancient Greek, the Egyptian, the Hindoo, and others upwards of two thousand years ago.

JOTTINGS FROM HYDERABD.

(THE DECCAN TIMES, 22*nd Septr.* 1887)

Not so very long ago, Mr. Editor, the *Deccan Times* possessed for me, as I knew it did for others, an attraction which for some time has ceased to exist. I was wont to look with friendly eye upon the "Stray Notes," which from time to time acted like a pleasant tonic upon palates jaded with a surfeit of politics, and the other grave etceteras of official or of public life. I was accustomed to peruse those "airy nothings" in attire befitting the discussion of such trifles. Wrapped in the softest of dressing gowns, o'er whose infancy in Cashmere perchance had watched soft eyes out-fabling the beauty of any such as come in dreams

to crazy poetasters, I reclined on an arm-chair that eluded, for luxurious comfort, the solidity of Deschamps or the elegance of Wimbridge, and at my ease or sighed or smiled at the conceits of the *Deccan Times*. The hissing urn made sweet music at my elbow. A muffin, steaming hot, thick inlaid with patines of rich butter, awaited my attack with all the appetising surrounding of the finest, purest salt. Madame, still lying cozily ensconced amid her pillows and her tight twisted curl-papers, had not yet soured my day by a reminder of home school-bills, or that long standing account for black silk stockings at the whilom Mrs. Wright, now Mrs. Schæffer. With a mind unwrung by wordly care, I used to give myself up to tea, and toast, and the *Deccan Times*. Just across the street, in his verandah, my

old companion, Jenkins-Snooks, in a fancy suit of *pyjamas* with unmistakable symptoms of home-make, growled out his double-bass laughter over your quandom columns, to the accompaniment of huge volumes of smoke from a gigantic, straw-pierced "Trichy." Where is the hand that in "Stray Notes" traced life's doings with such gentleness and skill? Dead? Or relegated to that land of forgetfulness whither we banish all our unfortunate friends? We are living in times of stir and change; yet the old touch is absent, and I moan the facile pen that would have chronicled with laughing tearfulness the capitulation of our lordly Jung; the dazzling scintillation of our Marshall Sahib; the political incandescence of the defunct Cabinet, or the defection of celebrities of the type of Noel Woods and Billy

Williams.

> Alas! the moral brings a tear!
> "'Tis all a transient hour below,
> And we, who would detain him here,
> Ourselves as fleetly go."

* * *

Mr. Editor, I am determined on an experiment. I mean to try my "prentice hand" in print. The hair, over my temples is slightly thinning and Gwendoline— I allude to my better-half— detects with selfish anxiety the presence of silver streaks among locks which once rivalled and outshone the hue of Ebon. But I have a little courage yet. My heart still beats true. I can hold my own at "Snooker" or snipe shooting, and though my figure has lost the elegant outlines of Colonel Crusha's, I can still play for a "pony" on the rub, without accelerating by one beat my equal pulse. I am not steeped in am-

bition. I do not hope to awake on Thursday morning next, and find myself famous in the columns of the *Deccan Times*. But in the interstices of labour, thoughts will come and go, and my anxious and worried mind will find relief in writing to you. I shall not pretend to be regular, and like dear twisted old "Korkyskroo," make my weekly appearance in your columns. I cannot claim any pretence to style,—there are two or three ladly friends of mine here, who would put me to shame as regards this qualification. I shall note a neat foot, and a well-turned ankle (Jenkins-Snooks and I used often to play this game in the good old days, before marriage sobered me down) with as much delight as the most ponderous proclamation about the *Mohurram*, or the raciest political scandal from the secret

recesses of the Residency. Accept the lighter thoughts of a brain which is always busy, and let me find relief for it in penning "airy nothings." Let me try whether I shall be as amused with my own endeavours, as I was wont to be at those which endeared you to me in the days I lament.

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The old Palace in the city is deserted. The home of an inherited responsibility is silent. Silent too the shouting of the *Chobdars*; the soft insinuating voices of the Secretaries, and the lamentations of petitioners crying for redress. Sir Salar Jung is away in England, entertaining Lords and Ladies in good old English style. May his shadow never grew less! May his broad chest be adorned for many years to come with the insignia of the K. C. I. E. with which he has

recently been invested by Her Majesty the Queen-Empress! The ring of the old name moves me yet as it does many others;—me, whose manhood declined slowly into respectable, if dull middle age, under the great shadow of a great and venerated name. The modern history of this kingdom is the history of the late Sir Salar Jung. The biography of the one would be the annals of the other. I am not by nature sentimental (I proposed to Gwendoline between the stage waits of a picnic dinner at Meer Allum) but I cannot think of olden times and by-gone men without feeling a lump rising in my throat. Bah! I brush the cobwebs from my eyes which are bedewed with—I beg your pardon,—which are gummy on account of long vigils devoted to whist. The dust of ages has no place on the

shelves of the memory of a man of business. My love of the son shall not blind me to the merits of others. With a figurative note-book and pencil, I wander amid the crowds of men, and, to tell the truth, women also. I have an incurable weakness for truth, and for expressing it fearlessly in writing and in speech, without a thought whether or not it will be palatable to my readers and to my listeners. I wondered what would happen when Hyderabad was without a Prime Minister. Lo! the slim and lengthy figure of Colonel Marshall (he is not blessed like me with superabundance of flesh) hurled itself into the breach, and put an end to all fears. With vigorous energy, the great ornithologist awoke the sleeping beauty in the Palace, and for four honest months the Nizam and his Secretary

jogged in double harness through affairs of State, creditably to themselves; very creditably to the machinery. Matters political and administrative adjusted themselves to the tact, zeal and energy of the versatile Colonel. The Nizam was transformed. The Moin-ool-Mohams were stirred up into busy life from their lethargic slumbers The Secretaries, the Chief Justice and heads of departments were stimulated to greater activity. They were awoke punctually at a quarter-past six a. m. "Bath ready, Sar, and carriage waiting at the door," shouted the Madrassi boy every morning into the ears of his drowsy master. I once caught a high official with a pen in his hand! The good people in the city wondered at this unusual display of activity, and did not know what to attribute it to. Slowly the

fact dawned upon them that it was the Nizam's Secretary who had spurred all the Government officials into this unwonted zeal. "Are we in Hyderabad or in the Swiss Republic," muttered Jenkins-Snooks, as he wiped the froth of his eighth peg from his heavy moustache, (Snooks is high up in the Beer-taping and Wine-bibbing departments for the supply of spirituous and fermented liquors to the heads of departments) and proceeded to light his fourteenth Trichy by the aid of a State document just received from the seventeenth Under-Secretary for the department for the Fabrication of reasons for delay. "What's the matter, Snooks," said I soothingly. "Damme Sir," he answered (my friend is a terrible hand at swearing) "here's a reply come from the Palace to a letter only 24 hours old. His High-

ness' Secretary is playing the very devil with the constitution. There's no one to answer the letter. The head of the department is engaged in tasting some new wine which has just arrived from Christopher's, and the other four intermediate heads have settled down to a quiet rubber at the Hyderabad Club, and they won't be disturbed on any account. Here's a predicament!" "What will you do?" I questioned. "Take two months' leave till Marshall's out of the coach" was the surly reply.

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I don't like tall men as a rule, because they generally have a trick of looking down on short and podgy people like myself, I disapprove of thin men, because they belong to the lean and hungry sort. But I must confess, I like "Charlie Marshall." I

have to repress a wave of enthusiasm that comes rolling up in my breast, when I meet him. "What is the fascination," I ask myself, as I get into my one-horse trap to go to office, trembling with fear lest I should be late, and consequently come in for a "wigging" from the head of my department. Over a reflective cigarette from which I blow fantastic clouds of smoke, the answer comes: "You like your well-mustachioed host, because he is an English gentleman, with a superabundance of physical energy; because he works like a horse and plays like a child; because in the slang parlance of the day, "he's just about as good as they make them." Surely, it is creditable to me after a lifetime in India that though I have lost my waist, I have still a shred of conscience left.

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If the Secretaries and heads of departments were to get through their work with promptitude; if people were to go out for their evening drive any where but on the "bund"; or Sultan Nawaz Jung were to treat his young nephew with fairness in the division of their ancestral property;—if, I say, any one of these exceptionally unlikely events was to happen, I should not be more surprised than I am at the success with which His Excellency the Prime Minister is accomplishing the difficult task set before him. The quiet urbanity of his manner is superb. He has no superfluity of speech, but cautiously weighs every word before he utters it. He is Dignity personified, and even when he smiles, which I am told he does very frequently, he smiles with befitting gravity and solemnity. His

step is slow and measured, albeit he walks somewhat ponderously. In spite of the almost perpetual smile on his lips, he seems to look at you with sad eyes. As Under Secretary of State for India in the House, with what an impressive demeanour he would crush the anxious questioner! A real good gentleman is my old friend Asman Jah! This is purely a figure of speech. In such I delight. I am not very old, nor is Asman Jah my friend. But in the easy *dishabille* of Chinese slippers and a velvet smoking suit, which a loving wife has given me as a birthday present, and the bill for which I expect almost every day with trembling anxiety, I can admire greatness and goodness even when they flutter for dear life under the frock coat of a Jubilee Medalist! There is a quiet repose about Bashir-ood-

Dowlah which impresses me. I watch him, and I smile. I once backed a dark horse for the Derby, and won. I have a presentiment that I should like to put a small pile on Asman Jah.

"Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
"And coming events cast their shadows before."

A BACHELOR'S NOTES.

(THE DECCAN TIMES, 24*th March* 1888.)

MANY years ago, I was christened a crusty old bachelor. Time has not softened my aversion to matrimony: an aversion, mark you, not founded on any sentimental pampering of some fancied grievance of early youth, but upon plain common sense, and the rational exercise of the intellectual faculties. I was never jilted, because I never tried. I dislike the conjugal relationship, as applied to myself, with something of that logical hatred with which some dislike buck jumpers, or others a tight shoe. For a tender glance or a passing touch of finger tips, I have an old man's toleration if not a young man's fervour: a tolera-

tion on which I pride myself based on the head alone, and not the heart. The best efforts of the French School of literary realism, awake in me no response of enthusiasm. But I can still admire the physical beauties of nature, and prefer 16 to 66. Women no longer set their caps at me: and the meridian of life finds me the trusted confidante of many a wrinkled bosom with my right ear, while I lend my left to the paternal admonition of gay and thoughtless maidenhood. I chuckle as I look upon my old friends who have all passed under the yoke, and whose lives seem none the happier for their subjugation, while to me, who am nicknamed the crusty bachelor, is entrusted many a ravishing secret of toilette, of gallantry, and of love. *Cui bono* this introduction? I paint myself in my true colours, that you may the

more accurately diagnose my social and political inclinations. Holding that men's passions were given them to be gratified, I give my emotions full sway, tempered only by that charity tinctured with egotism which best befits the solitude of a so-called misogynist.

I like my growl. I detest the National Congress and its infatuated audience. The political deterioration of this century seems to me to be marked by the noisy declamation of empty-headed patriots, and delegates in search of a reputation. By George! in my younger days loyalty would not have suffered such a parlance with treason. The remedy would have been short, stern and simple. Messrs. Budrodeen Tyabji, Bannerji, Eardley Norton, and their motley crew of pantomimic followers would have received

a short shrift and a long rope from an Ellenborough or a Dalhousie. The world's politics are getting as effeminate as every thing else. I sometimes think they are as loose as its morals. Bah! I would recommend the authorities at Allahabad when the Congress meets there this year, to receive it with a couple of fire engines worked by steam. The Viceroy, in my opinion, would be wise to throw cold water on the folly of this age.

The majority of people in this world talk nonsense. The criticism for instance with which the late order upon the Debt Commission has been received is an illustration of what I mean. When the Committee was first started, numbers of my impecunious friends rushed to me to know whether their pecuniary follies for years past were to be liquidated and erased by the

generosity of His Highness the Nizam. I had great difficulty in convincing them (so frequent are the indents made upon His Highness' liberality) that the debts to be paid were not theirs, but the debts which State creditors had long been pressing against the State. This is another instance of human folly. I am aghast at the hostility displayed, because His Highness has announced that before he meets claims which amount to some crores, he is anxious to discover, with something like accuracy, the justice of claims upwards of half a century old. In other words, the Nizam is blamed for doing that which would be commended in any private individual who boasted an ounce of common sense or prudence. We roar at Native Princes for their reckless expenditure. We shriek at them whenever they endea-

vour to practice prudence and economy. This is another illustration of the pig-headed folly of the times.

So we have another Resident, and I suppose it will be so for eternity. Men may come and men may go, but Residents go on for ever. I catch myself wondering whether Mr. Howell will pay as much attention to the *cuisine* as did his predecessor. The art of dining well is one generally cultivated by the members of our political department. I trust Mr. Howell will be no exception to this rule. He possesses one accomplishment at any rate which will always make me a lenient critic of his administration. He plays, I am told, a good hand at whist. I hate these new fangled abominations of the echo and the antipenultimate lead. When I used to play as a boy, we contented ourselves with a game

which necessitated the exercise of some reflection and intelligence, and did not descend to a system of signals which places whist now at the mercy of every Subaltern in a marching Regiment. Mrs. Howell has already carried, I am told, all hearts by storm by her kindly affability and her passion for golf. She is likely to be well received amid the nobles of the city, not merely because she is the Resident's wife, an accident to the credit of all Resident's wives, but because she moves and talks with that courtesy which is the chief characteristic of the best amongst English ladies.

The heat is becoming a matter of fact. Fair dames are flitting, and the hills are emptying Hyderabad of its feminine attractions. I am glad of it. One can't listen to the interminable

jealousies of Mrs. Fitz Boodle, or sympathize with the chronic hysteria of Mrs. Plumptree over her husband's stagnation of promotion, without feeling a sentiment of gratitude to the clerk of the weather, who temporarily removes these dress-improved complainants from the regions of one's mundane woes. I can now frequent the Gardens without fear of being made intimately acquainted with the domestic hitches of my female friends. No fairy equestrain disturbs my early sleep by some ridiculous scamper to Golconda. Peace and quiet reign supreme, and I can breathe for a short period free of those human *impedimenta* who discolour life, and give to the rosy imaginations even of a bachelor a bilious and distorted complexion. There is still amusement enough for me in watching the reluctant loves of

couples too impecunious to seek the re-invigorating breezes of Simla, Mahableshwar or Ootacamund. In the contemplation even of such, I derive a grim and serene satisfaction. It matters not whether I daily say my prayers in fashion orthodox. Enough that I devoutly thank the munificent Dispenser of all good things that I can enjoy my "post prandial" cheroot without a snarl, and can be five minutes late for dinner without arousing a whole tempest of half-smothered invectives.

THE MAHADI SECT OF MAHOMEDANS.

(Re-printed from the Times of India.)

THE Mahomedans of India are divided into a variety of sects, not the least interesting and important of which is the one which forms the subject of this paper. The followers of this sect are known by the appellation of *Mahadis* (believers in the Emam Mahadi), in contra-distinction to the opposite sect whom they contemptuously term *Gair Mahadis*, or non-believers in the Emam Mahadi. The antagonistic doctrines of these sects bear a curious resemblance to those prevailing among the Jews and Christians regarding the advent of Christ on earth: for, like the Jews, the Gair Mahadis hold that Emam Mahadi has

not appeared, but *is* to come, while, like the Christians, the Mahadis say that it is long since he appeared on earth and vanished. This conflict of belief has been the cause of much strife and bloodshed, and has been the instrument of sowing dissension and discord among the Mahomedans. The recent disturbances at Hyderabad in the Deccan, caused by the murder of a Gair Mahadi moulvie, at the hands of a fanatic Mahadi, and which, but for the prompt and timely action of H. E. Sir Salar Jung, threatened to become a sectarian war, will be fresh in the memory of your readers. To trace briefly, then, the origin, progress, and decline of this sect, will not be an uninteresting or a thankless task, and as the materials for this subject have been furnished to me by a learned and respectable moulvie,

who, to varied accomplishments, adds the rare quality of being a "slave to no sects," I am not without a hope that my account will at least have the merit of accuracy, if not of anything else.

As the Mahadis are followers of the Emam of that name, I must first give a definition of the word "Emam." The term "Emamuth" has its origin in Arabic, and signifies "to lead, to advance," and "Emam" means one in whom it is believed emamuth exists, or in other words, one who has, or is believed to have, in him the capacity of leading. The term admits of a twofold application—a particular and a general one. As exercised in its general sense, it may mean any person who may be in advance of others in any particular respect: and so the person who stands foremost during

Mahomedan prayers is called an Emam, as also any person who in leading is in advance of others. We consequently find the authors of the "Huddees" called Emam Bookhari and Emam Moosullim. In law also, Aboo Hanifa and Shafai, Malik and Ahmed Humble acquired that title by their able expositions of it. Emam, as used in its particular sense, means the person in whom faith is put that he is the defender of the Mahomedan religion, and ruler of that nation, and it is with this definition of the term that we have to deal.

When people of different tribes are joined together in the bonds of one newly-found religion, and constitute in themselves the elements of a powerful nation, it is but natural that on the death of the founder of that religion they should look to some suitable

person to succeed him in order that he may preach and inculcate in the minds of others the doctrines of that new religion, check abuses in it, and endeavour to spread it. His next and more onerous duty is to control the masses of newly-gained converts, composed as they are of varied nations and tribes, by wise and salutary laws. Accordingly, on the demise of the founder of Islamism, it was incumbent that some one of the requisite capability should be appointed to succeed him. Fortunately for that religion, its wise and thoughtful founder did not confine the people's choice to any particular person or family from which to elect a leader, but left the matter to their own good sense and discretion. Nor did he lay down any particular law or procedure for the guidance of the nation at large, but confined him-

self to the task of framing such rules as affected their moral conduct, wisely leaving the direction of the affairs of state, which vary at times, to those who were versed in politics. More than once he told his disciples that they understood worldly and state affairs better than him, and even in the *Koran*, speaking for God, he says, "To-day I have completed your *deen*" (religion), but makes no mention of worldly affairs. On the demise of the Prophet, his disciples selected from their own body one who was the ablest among them, and they bestowed on him the titles both of *Emam* and of *Calipha*. The fortunate recipient of these honours was Aboo Bukkur. After him followed four successive Emams, all elected by the voice of the people; and for nearly thirty years after the death of the Prophet, during

which period there had been five Emams, the Mahomedan nation enjoyed quite a republican form of government, and the Emam was considered simply the president of the republic. He had his council, whom he consulted in important matters. He was not considered infallible, and no one was bound to accept his religious opinions, if they happened to conflict with his own. In matters affecting religion, the Emam never deviated from the precepts of the Prophet, but rigidly followed them. In matters political and social, however, the Emam was supposed to have the power of altering and amending existing laws, and of passing new ones. In this respect, the second Emam, Oomur, is famous for having changed a great many political and social rules then existing. For thirty years after the death of the

Prophet, disbelief in any existing Emam was never considered a religious offence; and so people who disbelieved in the then Emams, or fought against them, were treated solely as rebels. For instance, when the Ameer Mauveea refused to recognize Ali as Emam, and broke out in open rebellion against him, Ali made use of this expression, "My brother has rebelled against me." Again Husson, the son of Ali, after a few months' war with Mauveea, who contested the Emamuth with him, abdicated in favour of Mauveea, and recognized him as an Emam.

But unfortunately, about this period, dissensions began to break out in the Mahomedan world, which, dividing the house against itself, for a time checked the rise of the religion and sowed the seeds of civil wars. A change gradually came over the

thoughts and feelings of a great part of the Mahomedans, and some of those doctrines which had done so much to raise and spread that religion, were subverted by interested parties to serve their own ends. There arose a class of dogmatic preachers, who began to inculcate in the minds of the people the doctrine that inasmuch as it was essential that a prophet should be sent by God, so also was it necessary that his successor, Emam, should be none but his heir, and that rightful heir was Ali. They even proceeded to the length of declaring that as none but Ali was, according to the ruling above given, the legitimate Emam, those Emams who had preceded him were nothing better than usurpers, and the persons who had acknowledged them as such were *kaffirs*. Those who preached this new doctrine were

but fresh converts to the Mahomedan faith, and belonged to the army of Ali which had fought against Mauveea. They formed themselves into a new sect, and took the denomination of *Shiai Ali.* "Shia" in Arabic means sect, and, therefore, "Shiai Ali" means the sect of Ali. From this period sects began to multiply. The *Suni* party, which took its name in contradistinction to the Shia, broke out into different schisms. The Shias were again divided into sects. The sectarian zeal of the different parties knew no bounds. Each sect took up the cudgels in defence of the doctrines it advocated: each sect vied with the other in running down the tenets of its antagonist. It is not, therefore, strange that much bad blood was created in consequence, which led to bloody feuds.

But I have clearly pointed out that the Emamuth was not at all a religious institution, and, therefore, those who did not believe in or recognize Emams, were not offending against the religion of Mahomed. Even at the present day, learned Sunis are of this opinion, and before this, learned Suni writers have discussed this question, and have arrived at the conclusion pointed out. Ussum, a learned scholar of the Mothazali sect, has distinctly declared that the Emamuth had no connection with religion. Aboo Eeshak Isfurrani, and Emamul Hurmani have declared that the people of every city had the right to elect their own Emams. Cazi Aboo Bukkur Baklani has stated that it was not essential that an Emam should necessarily belong to the Koorayshi (the Prophet's) family. It is here necessary

to observe that the advocates of a religious belief in Emams state that it was one of the verbal orders of the Prophet that an Emam should be elected from his—the Koorayshi—family. Taking it for granted that this was the case, a learned writer, Emam Abdool Rahiman ebn Mahomed Huzrummee, very justly argues that the spirit of this order was, not that the Emamuth was to be perpetually confined to the Koorayshi family, whatever its state and condition may be, but that it virtually meant that from any family as high and respected as the Koorayshi, an Emam was to be appointed; and that the Koorayshi was mentioned in particular, because it happened to be the highest and most respected family then existing. The reason for this nomination was that a man of high family and qualifications would natu-

rally inspire respect and obedience in the minds of the people. But then those who are acquainted with the line of teaching followed by the Prophet, and who know that he had left the settlement of state and social matters to those versed in them, find it hard to attach credence to what is alleged to have fallen from the Prophet's lips on the subject. Be that as it may, the question as to whether the Sunis believe or disbelieve in Emams, has nothing to do with the subject now, for after the death of Husson, the fifth Emam, that office ceased, and no one succeeded to the title afterwards. And so long as any person rules over the Mahomedans be he of the Hindu, Christian, or any other persuasion, and so long as he dispenses equal justice, recognizes the rights of the people, and practises religious tolerance, that

person is in all respects entitled to be termed the Emam of the Mahomedans in so far as secular affairs are concerned. And, in this point, the Sunis are bound to obey and respect the Government in the same manner as if the Government were of their own Emam : and if they rise in rebellion against it, they are, by their laws, liable to the same punishment as would be awarded to them if they had revolted against their own Emam. So much about the belief of the Sunis in Emams.

We now come to the Shias. With them the case is quite different. They hold an Emam in the same light as they regard their Prophet, and reverence and respect him as such. The Emam is to the Shia what the Pope is to Roman Catholics. In the eyes of the Shia, the Emam is infallible : to

doubt that, would be considered the rankest heresy. But the matter does not rest here : the point of dispute is not confined merely to the difference of belief in Emams, between the Shias and the Sunis. But question as to how many Emams there have actually been, which of them were legitimately so, and who the future ones will be, is of a complex and intricate nature, and there has been such a conflict of opinion amongst the Shias, on the subject, that it has caused several divisions amongst them, each section holding a different belief of the different Emams. In the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries of the Christian era, when the Mahomedans were in the zenith of their power, when they reigned in all their glory over Bagdad, Assyria, Cairo, Spain, Egypt, and different other places—it was then that

this division amongst the Shias occurred, and it was then also that fanatics and adventurers, profiting by these dissensions, and finding a rich field opening out before them, aspired to the title of Emam, and laid claims to it. But although there were several persons who aspired to that title and had many followers of their own, who, forming themselves into a distinct sect, called their leader Emam, yet their existence was but shortened, and they soon died out. One of these sects, however, was long-lived, and its leaders reigned in Egypt for nearly two hundred and fifty years. This was the Ismaieleea sect. At the present day, there exists only one sect called Emam Eesmaashari, or in other words, the present Shias, who are spread all over Persia and a great part of India. One of their tenets is that

the Prophet is to be succeeded by twelve Emams, eleven of whom have already come and gone, and that the twelfth Emam, Mahadi, son of the eleventh Emam Uscurree, appeared in this world, but that in terror of being killed by his enemies, he sought safety in flight, and concealed himself in a cavern near his house.

It is about the re-appearance on earth of this Emam that the great strife between the Mahadis and the Gair Mahadis exists, and this interesting and important subject I will treat in another paper.

NONSENSE:

BEING A SHEET DEVOTED TO SCIENCE, ART, AND LITERATURE, AS THEY ARE UNDERSTOOD AND PRACTISED IN NONSENSABAD.

No. 1. NONSENSABAD : *September* 1892.

INTRODUCTION.

NEWSPAPER Editors and Ruling Sovereigns are privileged people. Only a person belonging to either of the two classes, is entitled to use the awe-inspiring personal pronoun WE, instead of the modest first person singular. This little sheet is the outcome of our personal vanity and ambition, so as to enable us, for once in our life, to address our friends with the Editorial WE, instead of the I we use in

ordinary daily life. We trust our readers will look with kindly forbearance on our harmless vanity, begotten of advancing years, which some uncharitable people would call imbecility.

To save ourselves from the pains and penalties of the law, for starting this sheet without the requisite permission of the authorities concerned, we will refrain from giving any news, local or otherwise, in our columns. Besides this, we will take the further precaution of sending this sheet to our friends, gratis. We indulge in the hope that our readers will be duly grateful for these small mercies, and taking into consideration the fact that they have not even paid for the postage, we trust that they will not criticise us too severely. We shall consider ourselves amply repaid for the time, trouble, and money spent on

this sheet, if our friends will ask us to small sociable dinners at their houses, or at the different Clubs or Messes, taking care to give us a really good pudding, and the best Egyptian cigarettes procurable. We confess to a particular weakness for this comestible, and combustible.

Our readers will observe that in calling our sheet NONSENSE, we have hit upon a happy title. We will not insult their intelligence by explaining to them the derivation of a word in constant use with them. NONSENSE is a combination of Latin and English, *Non* being Latin, and *Sense*, English. This is a familiar word, which comes to the homes and hearts of men and women, and as it tersely expresses the meaning of almost all that is said, and half that is done in daily life, we feel sure it will be warmly welcomed by

our readers. Our columns will not be open to politics, because they are not our *forte*, and the understanding and practicing of them are only limited to a select few, who, we are informed, look upon them as dangerous and explosive things, and are thankful to lay them aside when they conveniently can. We will not adopt the pernicious example of some of the "society" papers, and indulge in personal remarks, calculated to hurt the feelings of our friends, and probably also our own, which latter result is bound to follow, if by any mischance we become the unfortunate recipient of a horse-whipping. Of literature we do not know much, but what little we do, will be at the service of our readers. Life is short, and Art is long, so we will do our best to spin out the Arts, and with the numerous artists we have

in our midst, this will not be all uphill work. At present we have no scientific gentleman on our staff to discourse on this fascinating study. But very fortunately we have a scientific corps in our midst, to fall back upon. With a view to the conception of the immense distances, which divide the sun, the moon and the stars from us, we have all read that it would take hundreds of years for a cannon-ball to travel up to one of these heavenly bodies. This is a very interesting subject, but we deeply regret we have no space for the insertion of an essay that has kindly been sent to us, with regard to terrestrial shooting stars, and the time their effulgent radiance takes to reach the hearts of mankind.

We shall be chary of reporting the proceedings in Police Courts, because we do not know when we ourselves

may have to figure in them, and it would not then be honest on our part to omit making any mention with regard to what we may have to suffer there. Besides we entertain such deep reverence for the Majesty of the Law, that we think it best to leave this solemn subject alone. It must also be remembered that spicy cases seldom or never crop up in our courts.

This is the Alpha and the Omega of our literary venture, and our editorial preface will answer the purposes both of a Prologue and a Monologne. This sheet is the cradle and the grave of our bantling, which is ushered into our little world only to die an early death. We hope our friends will sound the requiem on our deceased bantling in a generous and kindly spirit. But should a propitious Fate happily ordain it otherwise, and should

our venture meet with the approval of our friends, then it may be that Phœnix-like, our defunct bantling might rise from its dead ashes, and appear again in resuscitated guise. The subscription will then be three Hyderabad dubs per copy, and it is hoped that even with a depreciated Halli Sicca, this rate will not be considered very exorbitant. Any way, if we get as many as ten subscribers, we shall go on with our little sheet. Meanwhile, we cannot do better than conclude with one of Byron's stanzas, slightly altering the words to suit the present occasion:—

"But for the present, gentle reader, and
"Still gentler critic! the writer—that's I
"Must, with permission, shake you by the hand,
"And so your humble servant, and good—bye
"We meet again, if we should understand
"Each other; and if not, I shall not try
"Your patience further than by this short sample
"T'were well if others follow'd my example.'

We must apologize for the intrusion

of the first person singular in the above-quoted stanza. But it so happens that "I" rhymes with "good-bye," where as "we" does not.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

WHICH IS NOT LOCAL NEWS.

All Shows are very much appreciated, especially a Horse Show. One is to be held here very shortly, and the entries up to date are said to be numerous and *varied*. It is also rumoured that some *Dhobies* intend to apply for permission to enter their animals. We give the rumour for what

it is worth.

The last Gymkhana Races were a great success. *Dream*, however, turned out to be a *Night-mare*, and the reflections of the Rider stuck in a ditch, could not possibly have been pleasant or dreamy. We don't agree with Shakespeare when he says "What's in a name?" We think there is a great deal in a name. The winners were *Torment*, and *Hotspur*, and *Hope* and *Jumnà*: the last mentioned is a holy river with the Hindus. "Torment me no more" exclaimed the field, as the horse bearing that illustrious name shot past. *Hotspur* was not a hectoring filibuster, as his name would imply, but he came in, in a quiet gentlemanly manner, and won. "Hope springs eternal &c.," and *Hope* did spring for-

ward, a winner. The sacred *Jumnà* was bound to succeed, if Hindu theology is to be believed in.

The local histrionic talent is about to be ably represented in "COUNT CARLO," a comic opera. Germans, Italians, and Banditti will all be Jumbled up together in pleasing confusion, and with kaliedoscopic effect. The Powerful strains of the German Band will enliven the acting, and lend harmony to the vari-coloured costumes of the Banditti. A picturesque and sentimental bandit, making desperate love, is a different being to the average

native dacoit, who robs and murders people without a particle of sentiment.

"It never rains, but it pours." Jupiter Pluvius has turned his taps on, and we are being deluged. The ladies have begun to grumble, because their fringes wont curl, and because they cannot wear hats with feathers, and because this weather is not conducive to preserve the freshness of their frocks. The men grumble because their boots are getting mildewed, and the damp gets into their matches, which will not ignite, and their cigars,

wont draw. The *Banias* grumble because the price of grain is falling. The only classes who do not grumble are the coolies, and those of that ilk, who go about in the hot weather, cold weather, and the rains, with nothing but a thin cotton garment on, but who always contrive to look happy and cheerful.

There were some very good sports held the other day, at which the fair sex mustered strong, and got through a lot of talking, as usual. The trotting match for ladies went off very well indeed, but much to the disappointment of the men, there was no wrangling and fighting, which they expected to see. Bless their dear little hearts, ladies never fight or feel jealous, excepting when you tell one of

them that another woman is very pretty, or that she dresses remarkably well. The ladies egg-and-spoon race was an exciting event, and the entries were numerous. For once in their lives the lady competitors stood actually in need of SPOONS (!) which, of course, were promptly forthcoming. The running left nothing to be desired. A correspondent has favoured us with the following description of the egg-and-spoon race :—

At last the critical moment arrived. The course was cleared, and the specified distance, 50 yards, was duly measured off. The Judge stood at one end, looking stern and unbending, so that no lady-competitor might indulge in the delusive hope that any partiality or favour would be shown. The Starter stood at the other end, with his whip uplifted, looking like a Field-

Marshal with his baton. And then, hats and bonnets, habits and frocks, riding boots and dainty high-heeled shoes were marshalled in pleasing array ; the right foot was slightly advanced;—the spoons were held forward in one unbroken line; and the serried ranks of eggs gleamed in the afternoon sun. Gleamed also, with suppressed excitement and pleasing expectancy, the glorious eyes of the lady-competitors, and the scene was worthy of a Raphael to paint. The numerous spectators were drawn up in hushed and breathless expectations, and the silence was so profound, that one might have heard an egg drop on the soft turf beneath. At last the stillness of that bright, sunny afternoon was broken by the voice of the Starter, "One, Two, Three, Go !" And then the poetry of motion came into

play, and the spectators saw for themselves what even high-heels were capable of doing. With inimitable grace, the competitors ran as if for dear life. Vision after vision of beautiful, swift-gliding fairies shot past the bewildered gaze of the entranced spectators. It seemed as if the Nymphs of the glade were holding their æsthetic revels in fairy-land. But hush! hark! what sound is that? A dull soft thud, like unto that of Humpty Dumpty, when he had that mighty fall, faintly reaches the ear! It is an egg, which has come to grief, and in rapid succession, one after another, a few more of these perishable and fragile articles are seen lying prone on the turf, or huddled together in little heaps. But the exciting race still continues, and with flushed faces, that rival the glow of the setting sun, now slowly sinking

NONSENSE.

PART II

SEPTEMBER 1892.

THE PHŒNIX RISES FROM ITS DEAD ASHES:

AN APOLOGY FOR OUR RESUSCITATION.

"HERE we are again," as the clown said, when he re-appeared within the circus-ring, at the Public Gardens, the other day. We had feared that our first appearance would have been our last,—and we had accordingly tolled our death-knell, and sang the requiem over our demise, in a meek and becoming spirit. But the faint

hopes we then indulged in, have, to some extent, been realised, and Phœnix-like, we are about to rise from our dead ashes. The fact of the matter is, our friends, following the wise adage of not looking a gift-horse in the mouth, have been extravagantly generous in their praise, and though they have not asked us to dinner, they have, on the other hand, *encored* us beyond our poor merits. Indeed, so lustily and vigorously have they *encored*, that we are encouraged to continue in our downward career, with NONSENSE at our heels. When the bill for stationary comes in, and when the printer inexorably demands payment for work done, then perhaps, we may be rudely awakened from our pleasant, but delusive dreams, of gaining fame in the thorny paths of literature. But while duns keep away, life is

worth living. And so, the curtain rings up once more, and for the second time, we present ourselves before the foot-lights, making our best bow to a kind and indulgent audience. If the scenery lacks the touch of an artistic hand ;—if our make-up is not good enough to pass muster for the genuine article ;—if the paint is not sufficiently thick to conceal the ravages of the hand of Time on our worn and wrinkled face ;—if our acting falls short of the mark ;—then, we can only hope that our gentle readers will forgive us,—bearing in mind the fact that we have mistaken our vocation, and that, in our endeavours to be facetious, we can only steal a few minutes leisure from an anxious and busy life.

Our best thanks are due to our

lady-friends, and if they only mean one-half of what they have said in their kindly criticisms, we ought to feel proud and happy. One unkind critic has informed us that the gentle sex, while cramming sweet praises *down our throat*, were making game of us *behind our back*. Now, we positively refuse to believe this, especially as this feat appears to us to be a physical impossibility. With us, our vanity has always been a much stronger point than our good sense, and we personally prefer the sugar coating to the bitter pill concealed underneath. Pressing engagements have prevented some of our gentlemen friends from bestowing much attention on us. They have been so busy with shows of sorts in general, and with affinity stakes in particular, that they have not had any spare time to read our

sheet. We hope, however, that the future has better luck in store for us. Gratitude has been aptly defined as a lively sense of favours to come, and on this principle, we cordially tender our grateful thanks to our readers for their kindness and indulgence, in the past, present, and future tenses, *vide* Lindley Murray, whom, we are sorry to remark, we sadly neglected in our youth.

The Editor Records His Observations on COUNT CARLO.

Like Aunt Priscilla, we have been to Italy, and we join her, heart and soul, in admiring every thing pertaining to that sunny land. The different odours that we sniffed in the classical town of Naples, were far more gratifying to our Editorial nostrils, than the sweet scent of the choicest roses, grown in the Chadarghat Public Gardens. Like Aunt Priscilla, we have stood, in an uncomfortable attitude, on the sharp-pointed ends of the lava hill-slope, much to the detriment of the soles of our boots, and have admired, at a respectful distance, Vesuvius belching out grimy smoke, like unto the detestable chimney, belong-

ing to the cotton mills, under the Hoosain Saugor bund. And, in sympathy with the old maiden lady, we also were possessed with a mad desire to eat Italian maccaroni, which presented to us the appearance of little brown snakes, floating in greasy oil. But, when this delectable mess was brought to the table, we followed Mark Twain's example, and asked our local guide to eat it for us, by proxy. We had no nephew with us at the time, otherwise we would have made him the proxy. The guide informed us, with great gusto, that the maccaroni was delicious, but we accepted his statement with some reserve. We are also at one with Aunt Priscilla in her enthusiastic admiration for "local colouring," but to witness this artistic sight, one need not journey to distant Italy, when

one can see it on the spot, on our local boards in "Count Carlo." The Italian peasants are certainly picturesque, and they are so, because,—they don't wash. We would beg our readers to remember that nothing is picturesque regarding the human form divine, which has not, in its composition, the two chief elements of dirt, and slovenliness. A short time ago, one of our lady friends went in raptures over a dirty JOGI, with tangled, matted hair, and filthy rags, and she called him very picturesque.! Now, in Count Carlo, one saw, opposite the footlights, bright local colouring, and artistically picturesque effect, without the objectionable concomitants we have above specified. The frocks were like the ladies they adorned,—bright and handsome. Even in our old age, we confess to a special weak-

ness for a neat foot, and a well-turned ankle, and the frocks in DON CARLO afforded an admirable display in this respect. If any thing, the skirts were a trifle too long, and not even Mrs. Grundy could have objected to their being a little shorter. It is not our intention to give our readers the benefit of our criticisms on the acting, singing, and dancing, for, to confess the truth, our pen does not readily run in these, to us, unaccustomed channels. But we shall make a few observations, and as these observations are the outcome of our wide experience, and our admiration, extending over a quarter of a century, of the fair sex, they ought, we think, to carry some weight. The charmingly pert ANNCHEN looked so sweet and pretty, that our heart went straight out to her, in silent adoration. And

when her little nimble feet pirouetted through the swift mazes of the hornpipe, our ecstasy was unbounded. We had taken with us a bouquet, to throw to her at a later stage of the proceedings, but our impatience and enthusiasm so carried us away, that we could not restrain our ardour, and we flung it to her at once. We were nearly hitting her on the head, but luckily this catastrophe was averted, and our flowers reposed at her feet,—a mute but eloquent testimony to our worship at the shrine of vivacious youth, and fascinating beauty! And when ANNCHEN tenderly took up our bouquet, and with an arch-look, smiled most winsomely at the audience, we did not know whether we were standing on our head, or sitting, (as of course we were,) on the hard, apology for a chair, in the stalls. The other

sister, GRETCHEN, acted most gracefully, and convinced us that there was a great future before her in the histrionic world. The tall, willowy, and lissom figure of MARIETTA specially attracted our attention, and she looked a veritable May-Qeen. GULLIA and BIANCA seemed like two Hebes, and it was refreshing to see these goddesses of youth and beauty, gliding about with exquisite ease and grace. The sweetly-pretty ANTOINETTA reminded us of Tom Moores' *Peri* standing at the gate of Eden. The graceful dancing of the quiet, staid OLIVIA, recalled to our memory the antique statue of the goddess Terpsichore, which we saw, a few years ago, in the Vatican. The diamonds flashing on the Oriental neck-collar of the statuesque, queenly VIOLA, had a strange fascination for us, and we do not know which glitter-

ed the most,—her glorious eyes, or the jewels which she adorned. The versatile and talented AUNT PRISCILLA gave us another proof of her great dramatic powers. We laughed most heartily at her poke-bonnet, her cotton-dress, and her white fluffy dog, decorated with blue ribbons, not of the Temperance Society, but of the Horse-show, at which the animal had evidently won several second prizes. But while we laughed at PRISCILLA'S comic appearance, we were lost in admiration of her splendid acting. From what we have seen of her, we can safely predict that half a century hence, she will grow into a very pretty, and animated old lady. The Innkeeper, LORENZO'S get-up and acting were perfect, and the stage lights shone with startling effect on his baldhead. Having lost our own thatch,

owing, as we have been informed, to deficient brain-power, which prevents the capillaries from being properly nourished, we have a sneaking partiality for bald men. BEPPO skipped about with the agility and dexterity of an acrobat, and he demonstrated the fact that the prehensile British toe, is not only capable of kicking vigorously, but that on occasions, it can be sent flying, some six feet high up in the air. He flourished his flexible legs, and twisted and turned them about, with marvellous ease and rapidity. LORENZO and BEPPO ought to be able to make their fortunes on the stage. The be-wigged, be-spectacled HANS was so disguised, that his best friends failed to recognize him for some time. To see him dance the breakdown was a treat, as rare as it was rich, and without being guilty of mak-

ing a pun, we may honestly say, that he fairly brought the house down. CARLO looked a veritable bandit, and scowled most malignantly at the audience. We should be very sorry indeed to meet him alone on a dark night. ADOLPHUS did the lotus-eater to perfection, and did we not know what an energetic man he is, we certainly would have put him down for the lazy, languid character he so faithfully represented. And last, though not least, we have to notice HERR RICHTER, the leader of the German Band. As a rule, when we see a man for the first time, our gaze travels from his head, downwards. But in the HERR's instance, our eyes journeyed from his legs, upwards. His unmentionables elicited our warm admiration, and when we got home, we had them copied for our own special use. We may

tell our male readers, in confidence, that we have never gone to bed in more comfortable PYJAMAHS. We have seldom heard an audience so roar with laughter, as it did at HERR RICHTER's capers and antics, and at the comical gravity with which he conducted his band. The songs were very good, and our local poet has become so conceited, since he has heard one of his verses sung by LUCIUS, in WHO'S THAT A CALLING, that there is no holding him. He has nearly driven his friends out of their wits, by threatening to publish a little volume of his "poetry," and what is worse still, he is going to read it out aloud to them! And now,—exit the players,—and the sweet and beautiful visions that were conjured up on the boards have vanished into thin air, like the phantasm of a dream, or like unto the paint on the faces of

the players which disappears under the vigorous application of soap and water. In conclusion, we bid a long and regretful farewell to the charmingly pert, nimble-footed Annchen; to the tall, lithe, and handsome Marietta; to the twin Hebes,—Guilia and Bianca; to the sweetly-pretty Antoinette; to the graceful goddess Terpsichore, who represented Olivia; to the statuesque and queenly Viola; and to the romantic, maiden lady Aunt Priscilla. We also bid a cordial farewell to that born actor, the bald-headed Lorenzo; to that man of gutta-percha, Yclept Beppo; to the comic Herr Richter, who by his bright sallies and antic gyrations, made us laugh so heartily; and last of all, to the talented and versatile Hans, than whom no one in India can dance a break-down with greater agility, grace, or dex-

terity!

An Explanation of an Abrupt Conclusion.

Having proceeded thus far with our manuscript, we suddenly find that the point of our steel-nib has got blunted;—that our ink has run dry;—and that our supply of writing paper has been exhausted. Owing, therefore, to circumstances over which we have no control, we are reluctantly compelled to bring this sheet to an abrupt termination, for which we apologize to our readers. We intended writing a brief account of the shooting tournament, but we must reserve that for our next issue.

"IS MAN A PEG ?"

BEING A SEQUEL TO

"IS MAN A SOUL ?"

(A Lecture delivered before a select circle of friends *not* belonging to the Total Abstinence Society.)

When Mrs. Besant was amongst us the other day, she held large audiences spell-bound with the charm of her finished oratory, and the power of her learned disquisition on Theosophy, and on modern Science. Most of you will remember that one of the subjects she lectured upon was "Is man a Soul"? Your first impression would probably be, that this phrase was meaningless. If, however, you put on your Theosophical cap, and carefully

considered the phrase, you would arrive at the conclusion that it was pregnant with sense and meaning. I followed this particular lecture of Mrs. Besant with the greatest possible interest. I was deeply impressed with it, for the simple reason that I did not understand one half of what she said. The subject was so much beyond me, that my shallow mind failed to comprehend the startling theories so ably propounded by the learned lady. But that is no reason why I should not admire Mrs. Besant's lecture,—for it is an established fact that the less you understand a subject, the greater is your admiration for it. Then you can turn round to your friends, and with an air of mysterious importance, tell them that that particular subject has a great fascination for you, and that you have studied it for years. And

NAWAB SALAR JUNG BAHADUR

your friends will go away with the erroneous belief that you are a very clever person indeed. But I must not digress. Altho' I agree in the main with all that Mrs. Besant said about "Is Man a Soul," I would, with all due diffidence, venture to observe, that this is but one of many stand-points from which to examine the subject. I respectfully hold and maintain, that Man is not only Soul, but that he is something else besides. Man is also Pegs!!! Ladies and Gentlemen, bear with me gently;—bear with me patiently. Do not be carried away by the idea that I have already had more pegs than most men, or that there is something wrong with me! I shall presently prove to you the truth of my assertion, and I hope to convince you, before I have done with you, that Man is Pegs;—and Pegs are Man. Ac-

cording to the teachings of biology, these two apparently different bodies are one indivisible whole, and in the ether that floats about our cosmos, man and pegs are inseparable. Take one away, and what would become of the other? The mere contemplation of this idea takes our breath away,—it freezes the marrow in our bones; it curdles the lifeblood in our veins, and it makes our hair, provided it is not false, stand on end! I ask you, ladies and gentlemen, in all earnestness, where would man be without pegs; and what earthly use would pegs be without man? Take the peg away, and there would be nothing to put into the man;—take the man away, and there would be nothing into which to put the peg. To further illustrate my meaning,—take the peg away, and the man would collapse, and dwindle away

into nothingness by the time we had advanced towards the glorious month of May,—no where so glorious, as it is in this country. On the other hand, take man away, and the peg would pine in deep solitude, diminish, grow beautifully less, and at last it would evaporate, until every drop of the glorious drink was absorbed in the ether, which clings to the electric belt of our cosmos !

The history of pegs is lost in the mystic gloom of ages. Nectar was known to the Gods long before Man was created. And who has not heard of the first man's drink, called after him, Adam's Ale ! Indeed, some logicians have postulated that Adam was familiar with the taste of Ale before he was given Eve to share his joys and his sorrows. This postulation they have formed on the principle that a

man learns to drink when he is a bachelor, but that immediately after his marriage his wife takes him in hand, and forthwith reduces the number of his daily pegs. It is argued that if his wife had her own way, she would cut off his drinks altogether, not only because drinks do no good, but also because the expenditure on pegs seriously diminishes the amount that every right-minded woman thinks should be spent on her frocks. Therefore, argue the logicians, Adam must have discovered ale before Eve was given to him, or she would have done her level best to prevent his acquiring this pernicious taste. Here I must digress again. You must not run away with the idea that Eve would have discouraged drink, because of her desire to spend money on her frocks. The depreciated Rupee was not cur-

rent then, nor had fashions come in. What is more to the point, Eve had no frocks, and for the matter of that, it is recorded that she did not stand in need of any. Some modern Scientists again assert that the apple which Eve tasted, was not the fruit itself, but that it had previously been converted into Cider. This assertion, however, is not supported by proofs, and I must therefore beg of you to accept this statement with a certain amount of reserve. Coming to later ages, we have that famous Greek Professor, familiarly known to us as Bacchus, who has handed down to us his immortal descantation on the subject of pegs. Although centuries have elapsed since the great Professor lived and died, his name is yet held in veneration by mankind at large, and the great majority of them still implicity

follow his teachings. The innumerable statues erected all the world over to Professor Bacchus show that he is still gratefully remembered by us. But I will not insult your intelligence any longer by proceeding further with my historical researches in connection with such a familiar subject as Pegs. I will only pause to explain that some narrow minded people limit the meaning of pegs to whiskies and sodas. Those who have studied the subject thoroughly, allow themselves greater latitude, and hold that all drinks which infuse warmth and comfort in the inner man in the cold weather, and allay thirst in the hot weather, fall under the denomination of "Pegs." The word Pegs is not a high-sounding word; there is nothing pretty about it; but nevertheless, amongst modern Scientists, it is an accepted fact, that pegs appeal in

an unmistakable and forcible manner to the head, heart, and legs of man. I have studied the imbibers of pegs in all their varied phases, and I must confess that as a study, it is as fascinating as theosophy itself. Manifold are the properties of a Peg, and wonderful is its effect. The gloomy it makes cheerful; the sad it makes happy; the silent it makes talkative; the weak it makes strong; the nervous it makes bold; the cold it makes warm; and the hot it makes cool. Sometimes, however, pegs have been known to produce most curious effects. Under their influence it often happens, that a serious man will do nothing but laugh, and behave in rather an extraordinary manner,—while practical, hard-headed men, are known suddenly to have been possessed with an inordinate amount of sentiment, which they begin to ex-

press in most feeling terms, to the accompaniment of hysterical sobs and copious tears. At times also, pegs have an inexplicable tendency to sympathize with the legs of man, and render them (the legs, not pegs) rather unsteady. A man does not then feel pegged down to the ground, but he begins to realise that the whole earth belongs to him, and that his one duty is to stagger along the road, until he is comfortably curled up on the nearest door mat that may be handy. With the light of modern science, and the aid of Theosophy, this phenomenon can be easily explained. The gravity of demeanour, which is ordinarily possessed by man, gives place, under the liberal use of pegs, to the laws of gravitation, which in their turn, produce an unsteady gait, until the man has discovered the particular spot

where is located the centre of gravity, and on that particular spot he lays himself down at once. It is only after a long training in the use of pegs, that a man is able to discover the exact situation of the earth's centre of gravity. Directly he discovers it, he lies down on the spot, so that he may be the better able to study the situation with close attention. It is not given to every ordinary mortal to do so. Once having laid himself down, in the manner described, a strange change comes over the man. His eyes involuntarily close; his limbs repose peacefully; and were it not for the deep snoring that breaks the tranquil stillness of the night, you would think the man was dead. But he is not dead. He only sleepeth. Theosophy then steps in to our aid to explain the mystery. The man who lies prone on the

ground, or on a door mat, as the case may be, is given the occult power of second sight, and he then very often sees things which do not exist on the face of the earth,—or in the depths of the sea,—or in the lambent ether, that floats above our wonderful cosmos. He sees sights, and he hears sounds, which the ordinary man neither sees nor hears. Eventually, the assistance of friends, and of medical men, re-calls him again to this mundane sphere of ours. He then reawakens to existence, a sadder, if not a wiser man. You can never mistake a man who is about to fall into a trance, preparatory to being endowed with the occult power of second-sight. The brains become numb;—the eyes get dim;—the tongue fails to perform its usual office; the speech gets thick and husky; and the legs begin to totter, until they sub-

side altogether. But, ladies and gentlemen, my time and your patience are so limited, that I must refrain from enlarging on this most interesting theme. I could speak for hours, and yet not exhaust the subject, although there would be the risk of my exhausting your forbearance. I will only add that several years ago, an Irish Professor foreshadowed what Mrs. Besant declared could be done by the aid of theosophy, in the matter of the soul temporarily leaving the body, taking a flight to distant places, and then coming back to its tenement, to relate what it had seen. Upwards of a quarter of a century ago, Professor Thomas Moore wrote as follows :—

"Then wreath the bowl,
"With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us.
"We'll take a flight
"Tow'rds Heaven to-night,
"And leave dull Earth behind us."

Now from earth to heaven is a far cry. And yet, Professor Thomas Moore declared that with the assistance of pegs, even the average man could take a flight to Heaven, leaving dull Earth behind him. This only proves my theory that pegs are an essential part of man, and that the one cannot exist without the other.

In conclusion, let me entreat you, ladies, to take every care of poor desolate man, who in most cases, has to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. I beseech you to restore to him what he loses from his brow by this process. This you can do by ministering to him comforting pegs. In the cold weather, let these pegs be strong, without being long. In the hot weather, give them to him long, and the more often you give them, the better will he feel. Let the man hold up

against the light the tall tumbler, containing the delicious amber coloured liquid, with the refreshing lump of crystal ice floating on the top, and the beads of the sodawater "winking to the brim." Watch the man, as the glorious liquid disappears down his parched throat, and comfort yourself with the reflection that you have done a most charitable deed in allaying the thirst of a dry human being. And by this simple act of thoughtfulness, of kindness, and of charity, you will have the proud satisfaction of knowing that you have earned the eternal gratitude of that much-to-be-pitied being,—man!